

# THE MONTH

APRIL 1866.



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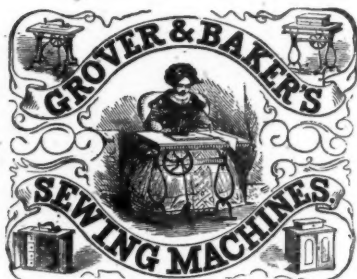
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# THE MONTH.

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## English Premiers.

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### II.—SIR ROBERT WALPOLE AND LORD CARTERET.

IN 1736 Walpole opposed the bill of Sir Joseph Jekell, which laid a heavy fine on gin, with a view of preventing drunkenness. He did not think sobriety would be promoted or vice diminished by such impositions; and experience proved him to be right. He opposed the repeal of the Test Act also, because he did not believe that the time for it was come. Like Pitt after him, he approved of many things for which his own stiff-necked generation were wholly unprepared. His humane efforts in favour of the Quakers were frustrated mainly through the narrow-minded intolerance of Edmund Gibson, bishop of London. Sir Robert's exertions were limited to relieving the Society of Friends from prosecution and imprisonment for refusing to pay tithes and church-rates, and to substituting a levy by distress on their goods, to which they are still nominally subject. His measure was passed by the Commons, and rejected by the Lords. His indignation against the Lords and the Bishop was lasting and well-deserved. Dr. Gibson had long been called "the heir-apparent to the see of Canterbury;" but when Archbishop Wake died, the primacy was conferred on Potter.

When parliament was prorogued in 1736, and the King visited Germany, he left Queen Caroline behind him as regent, and took Horace Walpole with him as Secretary of State. He wished him, indeed, permanently to supply the place of Lord Harrington; but Horace was unwilling to embarrass his illustrious brother by the jealousy which his elevation, in addition to Sir Robert's, would certainly cause. It was therefore only during George II.'s absence from England that he consented to act as State Secretary. He kept up a double correspondence with his brother: one set of letters being such as the King might read, and the other such as he might not. The subterfuge was pardonable and necessary; and it is to the King's honour that, although he was so impatient of contradiction, he allowed himself now to be guided by men much wiser than himself.

About this time a circumstance, in itself trifling, showed how much a second invasion by the Stuarts was dreaded. Chauvelin, the French Secretary of State, before he had fallen into disgrace and

was exiled by Cardinal Fleury, one day put a packet of papers into Lord Waldegrave's hands; and among them he included unwittingly a letter from the Pretender. The ambassador at once sent it to the Queen. Newcastle informed the King, and conveyed to him Walpole's sentiments on the subject. France was coquetting again with the Stuarts—so much was clear. Letter after letter, still preserved among the state-papers, passed between the two Walpoles and Waldegrave; for Jacobitism and panic were parent and child. Disturbances were not wanting at home. The Spitalfields weavers rioted because the Irish were employed at lower wages to do their work; and the populace stormed in the streets because gin was not sold so cheap as before. In Edinburgh the people, in a fearful commotion, seized a captain of guards named Porteous during an execution, dragged him to the Grassmarket, and hung him on a dyer's cross, to the great satisfaction of the more pious part of the community. Two hundred pounds were offered to any one who should discover, and by his evidence convict, any person concerned in the murder. But the Scots treated this offer with contempt; and though thousands had been guilty of Porteous's blood, and some of them were tried, not one was legally convicted.

The licentiousness of the stage at this period had attained such a height, that the prime minister felt himself bound to interfere. He knew that public morals are the best corrective of theatrical license; but he was aware also that a law on the subject passed by a free parliament is in itself a proof that public morality is not yet altogether vitiated. His laudable purpose was to protect society from further corruption. During the reign of Elizabeth the Master of the Revels, acting by Walsingham and Burleigh's advice, had made several wise regulations respecting the examination and approval of stage-plays. The number of theatres was restricted; and acting was thus rendered a more respectable profession. The genius of Shakespeare was not limited to burlesque and buffoonery, but encouraged to take a wider range and nobler flight. During the reigns of James I. and his unfortunate son, Sir Henry Herbert, brother of "the divine Herbert" and Lord Herbert of Chisbury, exercised a salutary control over the stage as Master of the Revels; but the austerity of Puritanism, though it suppressed for a time the indecencies too often blended with theatrical amusements, produced a disastrous reaction in the time of Charles II. The appointed censor found himself continually thwarted in the discharge of his duties by the Lord Chamberlain and the King: authors vied in producing the most licentious comedies; ladies attended the playhouses in masks; and on the death of Sir Henry Herbert the Mastership of the Revels was given to Killi-

grew, the manager of the King's company, and every check on the immorality of the stage was immediately removed. The brilliant abilities of Dryden, the poet-laureate, and of Fielding, the novelist, mark the earliest and latest stages of this disgraceful epoch. William III. made some efforts to moderate the abuses; but his laureate, Shadwell, was one of those writers of comedy who mainly contributed to corrupt the public taste. To his name must be added that of Wycherley, "the easy Etherege," as Evelyn calls him; Sedley; Farquhar; Vanbrugh, the architect of Blenheim; and Congreve, who, while differing in their capacity and degrees of coarseness, united and conspired to degrade morality.

Walpole's measure was wisely introduced. A bill for restraining the number of playhouses and correcting abuses had been brought forward two years before by Sir John Burnard, treated at first with contempt, and at last abandoned. But Walpole's expedient was destined to better success. He contrived to insert two clauses on theatres in a bill for amending the Vagrancy Act passed in the reign of Queen Anne; and it is remarkable that Lord Chesterfield, who in his "Letters" to his son recommends him all sorts of gallantry as needful to the character of a gentleman, is believed to have been the only debater who spoke against Walpole's corrective clauses.

While Sir Robert in the height of his power was surrounded at Houghton by the votaries of political fame, wealth, and fashion, there was another house, on which he often looked with an evil eye, where his parliamentary foes were welcomed and men of letters found a noble patron. This was the residence of the Prince of Wales. Here Carteret and Swift, Chesterfield and Pope, Thompson and Pulteney used to meet in familiar intercourse with Cobham, Sir William Wyndham, and the accomplished Bolingbroke. Nowhere was the feast of reason and the flow of soul more thoroughly enjoyed or more frequently renewed. The Prince was decidedly popular, and his affable and courteous manners contrasted favourably with the King's phlegmatic reserve. Being severely treated by his royal father, he had no love for that father's chief adviser. He had been kept in Hanover till he had grown to manhood; had been crossed in his purpose of marrying the Princess of Prussia, whom he tenderly loved; had been coldly received by the King on his arrival in London, exposed more than once to his fits of anger; and was straitened in his expenditure by an inadequate revenue paid by his father out of the Civil-List. By the advice of Bolingbroke and Pulteney he applied to parliament for an allowance of 100,000*l.* per annum, which he had endeavoured in vain to obtain from the King, or which had been promised at last in offensive terms. This application

proved unsuccessful. It was opposed by Walpole as unconstitutional, and it rendered the breach wider between the Prince and his sire. So painful became the position of the former in the palace, that he seized the first pretext for escaping from parental control. On the eve of the Princess's confinement, he removed her from Hampton Court, where the royal family was residing, to St. James's; and by this act he so incensed the King, that orders were sent him to remove from that palace. His intimacy with the heads of the Opposition was severely commented on; and it cannot be denied that Walpole ought to have exerted himself to prevent so unbecoming a rupture. His conduct contributed to his downfall; and so also did the death of Queen Caroline, which happened in 1737.

This virtuous lady owed her end immediately to a false delicacy which led her to conceal from the physicians her real disorder. They learned it too late, and declared that if they had been informed two days earlier, her life might have been spared. She died with great serenity, and evinced the utmost fortitude during her intense sufferings. To us it is interesting to remember her kindness and humanity towards those Catholics who had incurred the rigour of the laws in consequence of their attachment to the Stuart cause. She often supplied the most indigent with money, and she admitted the Duchess of Norfolk and several other Catholic ladies to private conferences. Her patronage of learned men is well known. The successful extolled her name, and the unfortunate blessed it. Non-jurors in exile were not excluded from her mercy. Savage, the poet, when condemned to death on a charge of murder, obtained his pardon through her. She accepted his verses as "volunteer laureate," sent him most friendly messages, admitted him to an interview, and gave him an annual pension. One day Secker—at that time King's chaplain—mentioned to her the eminent author of *The Analogy between Natural and Revealed Religion*—Butler, the rector of Stanhope. "Is he not dead?" asked the Queen, turning to Archbishop Blackburne. "No, madam," replied that prelate; "but he is buried." Soon after Caroline, unsolicited, appointed Butler clerk of her closet, and he attended her every afternoon. She also put his name on a list for a vacant bishopric. Thus the buried rector came to life. Of all post-reformation divines in the Church of England, he is that one for whom Catholics have the highest respect.

So great was Queen Caroline's esteem for Sir Robert Walpole as a minister, that in her last moments she commended *the King to him* with the utmost earnestness.\* Soon after her decease it was reported that the premier had lost his only support. "It is false," said the

\* Lord Hervey's Memoirs, vol. II. p. 516.

King to him, without irony; "you remember that on her deathbed the Queen recommended me to you," While he thus spoke, the remembrance of his consort's presence of mind, sweetness of temper, prudence, and goodness, would quite overcome the desolate monarch; and with sobs, which those around him could not refrain from joining in, he "made dust his paper, and with rainy eyes wrote sorrow on the bosom of the earth."

By degrees, however, divisions arose in the cabinet, and advisers adverse to Walpole obtained influence over the King. The differences between Spain and England, which might easily have been calmed, were fomented by hasty and designing men. The claim of the Spaniards to every part of the continent of America, and consequently of the right to search all merchant-ships sailing near their American ports and in the adjacent seas, was too preposterous to have been long seriously maintained, if it had been combated in a temperate and friendly spirit. But the diplomacy of the last century partook of the character of the times; and as swords were more readily drawn in private brawls, so ambassadors were more easily hurried into provoking language than they are now. Though the Spaniards had not formally admitted our right to trade on the territory conceded to Ferdinand the Catholic by Pope Alexander VI. without the smallest conception of its real magnitude, they had nevertheless during a long period connived at our infraction of obsolete laws. But orders at length arrived from Madrid requiring the *guarda costas* to be more vigilant. Many complaints of their severity and violence arrived in this country, and parliament was urged by a large body of merchants to avenge their cause.

The aim of the Opposition was to widen the misunderstanding between the Government and the Spanish cabinet, till, war being declared, the ministers should prove unable to retain their place. Every thing gave way to hatred of Walpole; and with the wildest inconsistency they agitated for a reduction of the standing army at the very time they sought to provoke hostilities with Spain.

In the midst of bitter altercations there was one point on which the House of Commons was unanimous, and that one from which every member of parliament would dissent in our time. They were then all agreed in condemning the publication of speeches delivered in the House, and in threatening the utmost severity against offenders. They did not choose to be judged by those without for sentiments they had broached within, or to be misjudged for such as had been garbled in the press. The fault was not wholly theirs; for the speeches were miserably and variously reported. But they menaced publishers in vain, and the evil increased. The *Gentleman's Maga-*

rine and the *London Magazine* evaded the law, by reporting the debates as in the "Senate of Lilliput," and in a political club, with Roman names assigned to the speakers; while the accounts, as might have been expected, were less authentic than before. We live under a happier system. Our reporters are faithful, and our members neither ashamed nor afraid to let all the world read this morning what they said in their places last night.

The debates on the Spanish depredations grew hotter, and both Houses joined in resolutions condemning the right of searching English trading-ships claimed by Spain. A squadron sailed for the Mediterranean; and war, like a grim giant, already began to shake "his blood-red tresses" in the sun. Walpole struggled hard to avert the catastrophe, but without success. There was no resisting the popular excitement; and Captain Jenkins, fresh from the coasts of Jamaica, who carried his ear in a box wrapped up in cotton to excite public sympathy and inflame credulous minds, was an argument against Spanish barbarity which few could withstand.\* An address to the King of a pacific tendency was voted by a majority of twenty-eight only; and the minority, by the advice of Bolingbroke, adopted the extraordinary resolution of seceding from the House. Sir Robert Walpole's comments on this act were extremely animated. He denounced the seceders so warmly as "secret traitors" under the guidance of one conspirator, ungrateful for the clemency which had been shown him; he expressed so earnest a desire that they would adhere to their purpose, and not return till the next parliament met, that their desertion soon became to them a cause of disappointment and shame. Their absence enabled him to bring forward many expedient measures; and his conduct at this period earned him a high compliment from the eloquent Duke of Argyle, who, though he had joined the ranks of the Opposition, declared that all prime ministers had been faulty, but that Sir Robert Walpole had the least faults of any minister with whom he had ever been concerned. Such praise was welcome from the man of whom Thomson said,

"From his rich tongue  
Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate."

When war with Spain was declared, the people were drunk with joy. Bonfires were kindled every where, and processions flaunted through the streets. The Prince of Wales attended the heralds into the City, and stopped to drink success to the war at the Rose Tavern and Temple Bar. "For that war Pope sung his dying notes. For that war Johnson, in most energetic strains, employed the voice

\* *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1731 and 1736.



of his early genius; for that war Glover distinguished himself in the way in which his merit was the most natural and happy."\* The mines of Peru and Potosi, and the treasures possessed by Spain in the West Indies, were supposed to be now within the reach of all; and the church-bells pealed so loud, that Walpole was startled, and cried, "They now *ring* the bells, but they will soon *wring* their hands."

If he had quitted office rather than be made a party to this absurd and unjustifiable war, he would have stood much higher in the opinion of posterity. True, he tendered his resignation to the King; but he allowed himself to be prevailed on to retract it. He acted, in short, at a momentous crisis in opposition to his riper judgment. He had better have kept his ground against a legion of barking and yelling place-hunters, with half England at their backs, than engage in a conflict which he knew to be hurried on by gross exaggeration and groundless fears. It was not long before he reaped the fruits of his inconsistency. All the miscarriages of the war were imputed to him; and he was harassed with incessant inquiries and motions relative to its prosecution. On the 11th of February 1740, Sandys, the chief motion-maker, announced his intention of bringing a formal accusation against the minister on a given day. It was on this occasion that Walpole committed himself in a quotation from Horace in a manner which was immediately pointed out by Pulteney. While expressing his readiness to attend the House and meet any charges his opponents might have to make, he laid his hand on his breast, and said with emotion,

"Nil conscire sibi, nulli pallescere culpæ."†

When his Latinity was disputed, he even wagered a guinea that he was right; but Hardinge, the Clerk of the House, a man of known learning, decided against him, and he paid the bet.

He was more successful in repelling the charges brought against his administration. None of them were distinct. When they descended to details, they were futile; when they pretended to be grave, they lost themselves in generalities. His supposed guilt was accumulative; his mortal sin was made up of venial offences; and though no one act of his government could be arraigned as criminal, it was an enormity when taken as a whole. Rumour, appearances, and "moral certainty" were put in the place of proofs. He had always striven to exalt the House of Bourbon, and had refused assistance to Austria. Taxes had multiplied under his rule, and the public debts had increased. The interests of Great Britain

\* Burke, *Thoughts on a Regicide Peace*.

† Epist. lib. i. 1.

had been betrayed by the treaty of Hanover; a standing army, needlessly large, had been maintained. The war with Spain had been lamentably conducted; the fleet was badly equipped and ill supplied. Of these grievances one man was the cause, and for these one man only was to be held responsible. It was that minister who made implicit submission to his will the indispensable condition of continuance in office. It was, in short, the Right Honourable Sir Robert Walpole, Knight of the Garter, First Commissioner, Chancellor, Under-Treasurer of the Exchequer, and one of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council. Lord Limerick seconded the motion that the King should be humbly requested to remove this statesman from his councils. Pulteney and Pitt supported the audacious proposition; Pitt, of whom Walpole is reported to have said, "We must at all events muzzle that terrible cornet of horse."

The Premier in his reply proved himself more than a match for the most able and vehement of his adversaries. He rebutted all their accusations with admirable composure and dignity, not without bitter reproaches on the malevolent coalition of heterogeneous parties. They agreed in one thing only—hostility to himself.

"The Jacobites," he said, "distress the government they would subvert; the Tories contend for party prevalence and power; the Patriots, from discontent and disappointment, would change the ministry, that they themselves might exclusively succeed. They have laboured this point twenty years unsuccessfully; they are impatient of longer delay. They clamour for change of measures, but mean only change of ministers. . . . Gentlemen have talked a great deal of patriotism; a venerable word when duly practised. But I am sorry to say, that of late it has been so much hackneyed about, that it is in danger of falling into disgrace: the very idea of true patriotism is lost, and the term has been prostituted to the very worst of purposes. A patriot, sir! Why, patriots spring up like mushrooms! I could raise fifty of them within the four-and-twenty hours. I have raised many of them in one night. It is but refusing to gratify an unreasonable or an insolent demand, and up starts a patriot. I have never been afraid of making patriots; but I disdain and despise all their efforts."

The result of this memorable debate was favourable to the Premier. The motion for his removal was negatived by two hundred and ninety against one hundred and six, in the Lower House; and by one hundred and eight against fifty-nine, in the Upper. But Walpole was merely relieved. A general election was at hand, and many from sheer love of change desired a new administration. Every art was employed to prevent the Government from obtaining a majority in the new parliament, and every report unfavourable to



Walpole was industriously circulated. He was denounced as the father of corruption, though it is certain that no ministry at that time could remain in office without practising it to a large extent. The support of the House was indispensable; and how could it be secured but by appealing to the interests of members whose debates were unpublished, who were no longer subservient to the crown, and who were not yet overawed by the people? A golden era was to succeed his downfall, and all parties were to rally round the throne in blissful concord. Wilmington and Newcastle, though in the cabinet, plotted against him, and the countenance of the sovereign cooled towards him. The Stuart aspirant to the throne sent, according to Etough, at least a hundred letters to his friends in 1741, engaging them to compass Walpole's overthrow by all possible methods. At the opening of parliament the prime minister showed signs of weakness; feebly defended his conduct of the war, and consented to all mention of it being omitted in the address. The tenacity with which he clung to office was the more unwise, because his health was enfeebled, his memory began to fail, and he transacted business less promptly than he had been wont. He degraded himself so far as to propose terms of accommodation to the Prince of Wales, and to offer him an increase of 50,000*l.* annually, on condition that he would not oppose the Government. This proposition the Prince rejected with scorn, and sent word to Sir Robert Walpole that he thought he would do much better to retire from office.

It was deplorable to see a statesman of great and unquestioned ability, who might have moved off the stage of public life with dignity, thus clinging to a tottering eminence, and exposing himself to cruel mortifications. At length the last conflict came. On the 21st of January 1742, Pulteney moved that the papers relating to the war should be referred to a secret committee. Every thing depended on this motion. It might lead to an impeachment; it maintained the necessity of a parliamentary inquiry. With all his might Walpole opposed it, and he astonished those who heard him with his energy and knowledge of foreign affairs. Members were brought to the House to vote from sick rooms; and the Prince of Wales, who was present to hear the debates, said to General Churchill, "So you bring in the lame, the halt, and the blind, I see!" "Yes," replied Churchill; "the lame on our side, and the blind on yours." The Government was "lame" indeed; for with all its influence it could obtain a majority of three votes only. To these a few would have been added, but for the astuteness of the Opposition. Lord Walpole, as auditor of the exchequer, had an apartment communicating with the House, where a few reserved voters locked

themselves in. Their wily foes, however, stuffed the keyhole of the door with sand and dirt, and the division was over before the key could be made to work. A few days after, a question on the Chippenham election was carried against the minister by two hundred and forty-one votes against two hundred and twenty-five. Friends were fast deserting, supporters absented themselves; there was no longer any choice. On the 9th of February Sir Robert was created Earl of Orford, and on the 11th he resigned.

There were some circumstances which mitigated the severity of his defeat. Though the King had often been ill-tempered, he was deeply sensible of Walpole's admirable talents for business, and he stood by him to the last. When the Premier took leave of his royal master, and knelt to kiss his hand, George II. burst into tears, and raising his faithful counsellor from the ground, expressed to him the warmest gratitude for his long services. His last levee as prime minister was numerously attended; for many who were hostile to his administration could afford to pay him respect when once they knew that he was about to vacate his lofty seat. He hoped by retiring to be able to save himself from a public prosecution; and with this view he influenced Pulteney in the formation of a new ministry. Unfortunately, however, some of the leaders of the Opposition were admitted into it, and they soon reduced their new allies to the rank of subordinate agents. Carteret, in short, whom Walpole had years before driven from the King's council-board, became once more secretary of state and prime minister. He had been a favourite with George I., partly through the facility with which he spoke the King's native language; and he now stood high in the favour of the Prince of Wales, and also gained the confidence of George II. In the House of Lords he was considered the most skilful debater, and his declamation was full of life and point. Unlike Walpole, he had a mind richly stored with learning. He was conversant with the classics, and could discuss with Bentley the force of Greek particles and the laws of acatalectic tetrameters. The languages of Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Sweden were all familiar to him, and he constantly acted as interpreter in the Privy Council. He had a special turn for knowledge remote from beaten paths, and often astonished the learned by his acquaintance with intricate questions of canonical law and scholastic divinity. He was deeply versed in the histories of Germany and Sweden, and could discourse by the hour on the two branches of the House of Hapsburg and the marches and counter-marches of Gustavus Adolphus.

But this bookworm was winged like a dragon-fly. He was swift and bold in his actions, and gifted with such high spirits, that

no reverses saddened him. He was proof against the petty annoyances of public business and the carking care of private life, that so often embitters the most brilliant success. He had seen much of the world, had confidence in himself, ranted with effect, quaffed champagne freely, and, at the head of the "Drunken Administration," met his opponents with what Macaulay calls "a gay vehemence, a good-humoured imperiousness." Before he was Secretary of State for the first time, King George had sent him to Aland to break up the congress there, and he had cultivated the friendship of the astute minister Cardinal Dubois. He soon learned the art of dividing a cabinet, accompanied the King to Hanover, and afterwards superseded the Duke of Grafton as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. He fomented the discontents in that country, which it was his duty to appease, and dexterously imputed them to Walpole. He promoted the introduction of Wood's halfpence, and at the same time he issued a proclamation against Dean Swift's *Draper's Letters*, which pandered to the erroneous views of the excited Irish. He offered 300*l.* reward for the name of the author, and caused Harding, the printer, to be apprehended and brought to trial. The grand jury, however, threw out the bill, and Carteret himself was at last obliged to announce that Wood's patent had been surrendered by the Government. It was he who moved the inquiry into the murder of Captain Porteous, of which I have spoken; for though he was violently opposed to Walpole and his rule, yet he thought rightly, that the indignity offered at Edinburgh to the established government ought not to go unpunished. During the quarrel between George II. and his son, he visited the Prince daily together with Chesterfield, and they were called into his closet as regularly as the ministers entered that of the King.

Such was the man whom Walpole saw rise into his place, and under whose auspices, with those of Pulteney, a motion was carried for an inquiry by secret committee into the conduct of the late Premier during the last ten years of his administration. One of the fiercest of those who denounced him was Pitt, afterwards Lord Chatham, who had very recently endeavoured to come to an understanding with him, and unite with him in forming a ministry on a Whig basis. The secret tribunal was set up. It was cruel and hateful, as nearly all secret tribunals are; but though most of its members were hostile to the accused, they could make out no case against him. They therefore moved for an infamous "bill of indemnity," by which persons were encouraged to bear false witness against Walpole. They were promised indemnity for all offences they might disclose and all losses they might sustain by their disclosures. The ex-minister was,

in truth, held up as a public felon, and the House of Commons, by passing this iniquitous measure, converted itself into "a tribunal of blood."\* Happily for the honour of England, the Lord Chancellor spoke against it, and the Lords flung it back into the darkness whence it sprang. Long may their House stand on unshaken foundations! It is our twofold bulwark; it has often saved us, and it may often save us again, either from overstretched prerogatives of the crown or from the violence of democratic frenzy.

The report of the secret committee, upon which the motion for the bill of indemnity was based, has been minutely analysed, and the futility of its charges has been thoroughly exposed. None of the fraudulent contracts, none of the speculation, none of the profuse expenditure of secret-service money imputed to the ex-minister was ever proved; and though, while in office, he provided lucrative places for his family, though he lived in princely style, and made a collection of pictures which cost 40,000*l.*, and sold for nearly double that sum, it has never appeared that he possessed himself of these advantages by dishonourable means.

"Above the thirst of gold; if in his heart  
Ambition governed, avarice had no part."†

The King was satisfied of his integrity, and continued to consult him from time to time; Ranby, his surgeon, Colonel Selwyn, Lord Cholmondeley, and the Duke of Devonshire were all employed by turns as intermediaries between them; and the King always returned Lord Orford's letters, lest any political secret should be disclosed by them after his decease. Another person employed on these delicate services was the King's page of the back-stairs. He used to meet the Earl in Golden Square, at the house of Mr. Fowle, commissioner of the Excise, who had married Orford's niece. It was sometimes as late as midnight when a mysterious little man arrived in a sedan-chair, which was brought into the hall. Lord Orford was already in the house; the servants had been sent out of the way on various pretexts, and the young ladies, supposed to be safe in their rooms, were of course watching at the head of the stairs, while their father himself opened the door for the confidential page, who was not unused to this mode of visiting.

It was by such means that Lord Orford influenced the King to promote Pelham instead of Carteret to the office of First Lord of the Treasury. That post had been held by Lord Wilmington since Orford had resigned, though Cartaret, who was Secretary of State,

\* Archdeacon Coxe, vol. i. p. 713; Macaulay's *Essays*, vol. i. p. 296.

† Sir Ch. Williams, *Epistle to H. Fox*.

is spoken of by historians, such as Russell\* and Macaulay,† as "prime minister," "chief minister," and even "sole minister." In the same way Pitt was declared prime minister in 1766, though he was not made first Lord of the Treasury. It was with great satisfaction that Lord Orford saw Henry Pelham, who had always been his friend, rise to that eminence which he himself had so ably occupied, and supplant that Carteret whom he had good reason to detest. Several of Orford's friends now returned to power, among whom were Henry Fox and Lord Cholmondeley, the ex-minister's son-in-law, who was appointed Privy Seal. In the House of Lords Orford displayed some of his youthful ardour when, in a speech as effective as it was energetic, he exposed the dangers of a new invasion which threatened England, and was devised in Paris between the French Government and Prince Charles Edward. The pain of a nephritic malady, which he bore with remarkable fortitude, did not prevent him from journeying to London to give the King advice, at his majesty's request. He found little consolation in literature during his retirement from public life. Quiet to him was almost extinction; and Mr. Ellis on one occasion saw him take down two or three books from his library-shelves, and then throw the last of them on the table, exclaiming with tears: "It is all in vain; I cannot read!" His son Horace was twenty-two years old when his father retired from office, and offered one day to read to Lord Orford. "What will you read, child?" asked the Earl. "Some history, father," replied Horace, "if that would amuse you." "O, read me not history," rejoined Orford, "for that I know to be false!"

As far as Edmund Malone‡ could learn from Horace Walpole, the Earl never read any book in his seclusion except the works of Thomas Sydenham, "the English Hippocrates;" and these caused his death. Following Sydenham's recommendations for dissolving the stone, he doctored himself with medicine of so inflammatory a nature, that nothing but large doses of opium, often repeated, could allay his pain and prolong his existence for six weeks. His journey to London, also, had aggravated his sufferings; and when he arrived there it was too late to counsel the King. Carteret, then Lord Granville, had been compelled to resign; and the Pelhams, coalescing with the Tories and Opposition Whigs, who were the Prince's friends, formed the ministry generally known by the name of the Broad Bottom.

\* Modern History, vol. v. p. 106.

† Essays, vol. i. pp. 282, 283, 296.

‡ Sir James Prior, *Life of E. Malone*.

In his last illness Lord Orford was attended by the surgeon to the king's household. This gentleman has left a pleasing account of the manner in which the great statesman met his end. He appears to have exhibited the highest degree of firmness and presence of mind; a circumstance which, in the language of Mr. Ranby, "reflected renown on his name equal to that which consecrates the memory of the remarkable sages of antiquity." The age of Pope, Bolingbroke, and Chesterfield was one, alas, in which the examples of Cato, Cicero, and Seneca were more studied and admired than the lives and precepts of St. Peter and St. Paul. Lord Orford died on the 18th of March 1745. He was in his sixty-ninth year; and his body was interred in the parish-church of Houghton, without any monument or inscription, in accordance probably with the well-known dictum of Pericles:

*'Ανδρῶν ἐπιφανῶν πᾶσα γῆ τάφος, καὶ οὐ στηλῶν μόνον ἐν τῇ οἰκείᾳ σημαίνει ἐπιγραφὴ, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐν τῇ μὴ προσηκούσῃ ἔγγραφος μνημὴ κατ' ἐκδότην, τῆς γνώμης μᾶλλον ἢ τοῦ ἔργου ἐνδεικνύεται.\**

I have said so much incidentally of Walpole's abilities and merits, that I shall be in danger of repetition when adding a few words more on the same fertile theme. We owe him a debt of gratitude for the undoubted services which he rendered to his country—for staving off foreign wars, securing tranquillity at home, and preserving the just balance of the constitution. Through his wisdom, public credit was saved, agriculture, manufactures, and commerce advanced, and the way was prepared for that political and religious liberty under which the Catholic Church in these dominions now so happily and peacefully spreads her branches and deepens her roots. If he sometimes adhered too rigidly to his favourite maxim,—*quieta non movere*,—it must at all events be admitted that he erred on the safer side. He won at last the praises of his adversaries; and Pitt, who was one of the most vehement, was not ashamed to extol him in the House of Commons after his death. He found, it is said, the book of rates the worst, and left it the best, in Europe; and Dean Tucker, in his work against Locke, calls him "the best commercial minister this country ever produced." The testimony of Burke I have quoted already; but I will add one sentence from that gifted writer:

"Without being a genius of the first class," he says, "he was an intelligent, prudent, and safe minister. He loved peace, and he helped to communicate the same disposition to nations at least as warlike and restless as that in which he had the chief direction of affairs."

\* Thucyd. *Hist.* ii. § 43.



In private life he was adored, having that most enviable faculty of attaching men to his person which so few possess. To a handsome face and fine figure he added a frank and fascinating address, a generous hand, and feelings truly humane. His laughter was irresistible; for, as Sir Charles Williams said, "he laughed the heart's laugh." "Sir Robert," said his generous rival Pulteney, when conversing with Dr. Johnson, "was of a temper so calm and equal, and so hard to be provoked, that I am sure he never felt the bitterest invectives against him for half an hour."

All this was highly to his honour; yet we cannot think of him without regret. We can feel for him little more than cold respect. There was nothing in his character to call forth enthusiastic admiration. We can scarcely pardon his neglect of literary and scientific men, but remember with pain that Dr. Young was almost the only distinguished author whom he publicly rewarded. A herd of scurrilous gazetteers—ridiculed by Pope in the *Dunciad*—were ready to do him service; but Prior, Steele, and Addison found little grace in his eyes, because they were not men of business. In Walpole we look in vain for invincible virtue, ardent philanthropy, self-sacrifice, heavenly aspirations. He was of the earth, earthly; he could not enjoy solitude; and the principal charm he found in the oaks, beeches, and chestnuts of his parks and manor consisted in this, that they were not flatterers.\* The praise which he really deserved posterity has given him: sagacious at the council-board; weighty, forcible, and even eloquent in the Senate; magnificent and jovial in his spring and autumn "congresses" at Houghton; loaded with lucrative distinctions; starred and gartered above his fellows; during long years bending kings and parliaments to his will by fair means and by foul, by arguments and by bribes,—exerting great power on the whole for social good,—we recognise in him a pattern of statecraft, and the model of an English prime minister in an irreligious age, under sovereigns who were neither very good nor very bad, very wise nor very foolish, and over a people ill-educated, yet steadily advancing, and needing often to be humoured in order to be governed.

\* Letter to General Churchill, June 1743.

### Good Friday at Jerusalem.

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It is the evening of Holy Thursday. The last wail of the *Tenebre* has died out of the aisles of the solemn church of the Holy Sepulchre. A temporary altar had been erected in the morning opposite the sacred shrine where our dear Lord was laid, and upwards of a thousand pilgrims had received the Bread of Life from the hands of the venerable Patriarch. But now this altar has been removed, and one by one the worshippers had departed, save those of the Franciscan monks who had been appointed to watch throughout the night by the Blessed Sacrament, and whom the Turks had consequently locked into the building.

In the church of St. Salvatore all is profoundly dark, save in the chapel on the left, where the Blessed Sacrament has been deposited in the Sepulchre until the terrible day be over which witnessed the death-agony of the Son of God. That side-chapel is decorated on all sides with beautiful plants and flowers, and illuminated with a multitude of tapers. There two figures are kneeling motionless and absorbed in prayer. One by one the Franciscan monks, wearied with their long fast and the terrible penances of the night before, have disappeared through the side-door which leads into their dormitory. Still the two watchers kneel on. They are women. The one still young, dressed in deep widow's-mourning; the other older, and bearing on her face traces of still deeper suffering, yet with an expression of peace which spoke of that suffering having been accepted for the love of Him who sent it. Six years ago this lady, the Marquise de —, of noble and even royal blood, had come, like her young English companion, as a stranger and pilgrim to Jerusalem, and there felt the irresistible attraction which, in spite of its mournfulness and desolation, binds every heart to the Holy City. She found likewise that there was a great work for any woman to do who was willing to devote herself to such a life—the work of a St. Paula, to assist in receiving and looking after the female pilgrims who, at Christmas and Easter tides, flock by hundreds to the Casa Nuova; to have the care of the altars of the different churches and chapels, of the linen and vestments, decorations, &c. And so she has stayed on, doing the work of a deaconess, invaluable to the Franciscan Fathers, who marvel now how they got on before without



her, and leading a life of austere penance and devotion in the Third Order of St. Francis. She has devoted the whole of her fortune to buying up the Holy Places whenever an opportunity offers, and rescuing them from desecration at the hands of the Turks; and has thus reduced herself to the state of holy poverty which St. Francis loved so well. At Emmaus she has bought the house of Cleophas, and erected a chapel and hospice on the very spot where our Blessed Lord "was made known to them in the breaking of bread." Again, the house of Mary and Martha at Bethany and the grave of Lazarus, the scene of the miracle at Cana in Galilee, and other sacred spots, she, one by one, has redeemed from Turkish rapacity and converted into sanctuaries, to which special Indulgences are attached. It is a blessed work, little known to the outside world, and still less thought of by her whose deep humility veils every action in the sense of her own unworthiness.

But to return to our tale. This loving watcher by our Lord's Body at last rose, and touching her companion, said softly: "My child, you must come and rest: remember to-morrow morning." The two women left the church reluctantly, and threaded their way up the steep and narrow street to the Casa Nuova, where, bowing their heads to the "God be with you!" of the Spanish monk who let them through the heavy nailed door, they walked swiftly up the stairs and through the long corridor to the two cells set apart for their use, the largest and most comfortable of which had been given up by the elder lady to the younger, in spite of her remonstrances. "I am at home here," she replied, "and you are not used to our hard life;" and by this act of true Christian charity she enabled the English traveller to remain in the convent when the great influx of pilgrims from the French caravan had compelled the Custode dei Santi Luoghi to tell her she must seek a lodging elsewhere.

Five hours later, the same women, closely veiled and carrying a lantern, were toiling painfully down the rugged and slippery street which leads through the bazaars to the other side of the city. From time to time the Marquise stopped and looked anxiously round, as if dreading attack or pursuit.

"What do you fear, dear lady?" asked her companion; "surely none will hurt us at this hour."

"I am afraid for you, my child," was the reply. "No woman is safe in this country without a *cavass*, especially at night; and I think I ought to have asked Padre Luigi to escort us; but he was so weary."

"With my cross of St. Benedict I have no fears," answered the young lady, smiling; and, so speaking, they arrived at the foot of

the street which leads up the hill, past the arch of the "Ecce Homo," to the House of Pilate and the Church of the Flagellation.

Suddenly a Turkish patrol burst out of an adjoining guard-house, and one of them with an exclamation, "By Allah, a fair Christian!" approached rudely the younger lady. She sprang on one side; and an officer appearing at the same instant, the half-drunken soldier relaxed his hold, and contented himself with giving her a sharp blow on the cheek as he left her. The whole affair occupied but a minute; but the elder lady could not recover from her terror and horror at the insult.

"To think that I should, by my want of precaution, have exposed you to this!" she exclaimed.

"You forget, dear friend, the place, the day, and the hour," replied the other. "Surely it is an honour to be allowed to suffer some little shame and pain while on the way to do Him reverence."

The Marquise pressed her hand by way of reply, and the two proceeded with still swifter steps under the arch, passed the gate of the Convent of the Père Ratisbon, where the Filles de Sion have established their admirable orphanage, and so on to the postern-gate in the wall which admitted them to the courtyard of the Church of the Flagellation.

"His Royal Highness is not yet arrived," said the lay brother as he unbarred the door; "but he will not long tarry: it is just four o'clock."

So saying, he ushered in the ladies to the cloister and then into the church, where the only light was thrown on the column of the Flagellation, that terrible monument of man's impiety and the long-suffering of God. In a few moments the door again opened, and admitted a man still young, of noble and aristocratic bearing, followed by two ecclesiastics and two other gentlemen, who advanced in front of the column, and pushing aside the cushion placed for him, knelt on the ground in long and fervent adoration. An exile from his country and his kingdom, this royal pilgrim had come, in earnest faith and deep humility, to visit the scenes of his Saviour's sufferings and death. Bareheaded he had walked from the city-gates, on his first arrival, to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, discarding all pomp and retinue, and compelling the Pasha, who had come out to meet him with due honours, to walk bareheaded likewise by his side, behind the symbol of man's redemption. And in the same spirit he had chosen this early hour to follow unnoticed, and almost alone, the footsteps of the Lord he loved so well, in that awful Via Dolorosa which witnessed the most touching portion of His Passion.

The solemn service began. Commencing with the Pretorium of

Pilate, where the terrible sentence was pronounced, the little band of worshippers followed the sacred and sorrowful path down the steep hill, kneeling at the different stations, heedless of the mud; while the low chant of the "Stabat Mater" echoed through the deserted streets. The day was just breaking when they arrived at the House of Mary, from whence the Mother of Sorrows hurried forth to meet her Divine Son. Those who know the spot, and are familiar with the wonderful "Good-Friday" picture of De la Roche, will marvel at the accuracy with which the painter has, perhaps unconsciously, depicted the room and the window from which our Lady first beheld that mournful procession which must have wrung her heart with anguish unspeakable.

At the House (so called) of Veronica a little interruption occurred from a file of camels passing along the narrow and ill-paved street; but their drivers with skill and care made them avoid the kneeling figures. With all their bigotry and hatred of the Christian faith, the Turks have an instinctive reverence for every outward expression of devotion. Fearless, and without false shame themselves in all matters regarding their faith, no sooner does the cry from the minaret announce the hour of prayer than they will break off whatever occupation or conversation they may be engaged in, and, spreading their carpet, instantly kneel and repeat the form which their religion prescribes. Which of us has the like courage when the Angelus bell summons us, in the company of others, to dwell for a few moments on the mystery of the Incarnation?

At the Seventh Station, the bazaar has been built across the Via Dolorosa, which compels the pilgrims to make a detour through the remains of what was once the Hospice of the Knights Templars, in order to arrive at the station where our Blessed Lord addressed the daughters of Jerusalem, "who mourned and bewailed Him." It is a blessed and comforting thought to women, wearied with the struggle and strife and misunderstandings of this hard world, that to them alone was granted the unspeakable privilege of ministering to His sacred humanity, that He never rejected their love or their sympathy. They were last at the Cross, first at the Sepulchre, and it was to a woman that our Master first showed Himself after His Resurrection. Therefore let them take heart, going forth, like Mary, to meet Him with His Cross, ministering to the suffering members of His sacred body, and keeping ever near to His sacred feet; and so will their love and fidelity meet with its reward, and they will be reckoned among those "whose names are written in the Book of Life."

At last the gates of the Holy Sepulchre are reached, that won-

derful church which encloses in its wide area the scenes of the last five stations. But here an unexpected obstacle presented itself. In spite of all the blood and treasure wasted in the Crimean war (a war which was the climax of a rupture founded on a dispute on the subject of the Holy Places), the Turks still retain unmolested possession of that building so sacred to the heart of every Christian, and with petty tyranny continually refuse to open it at the hours desired by the pilgrims. On this occasion even the presence of the royal duke did not induce them to open the door a moment sooner than had been fixed by the pasha; and for more than an hour the little group stood or knelt on the steps leading to the side-chapel of the Blessed Virgin. At last the doors are thrown open, and the little procession, passing by the Stone of Unction, and up the steps leading to the Chapel of Calvary, come to the spot where, stripped of His garments, our Divine Lord was nailed to His Cross. The exact place is pointed out, and is on the right of that terrible hole where the Cross was sunk when lifted up, whereby He that hung thereon "might draw all men unto Himself." Here also, during that exquisite time of torture, His Blessed Mother stood; and the voices of the kneelers are choked with emotion as the words "*Sancta Mater, istud agas,*" &c. echo through the sacred building. To the left now they turn, to the very spot where the tremendous sacrifice was consummated, and where the riven rock still remains as a standing witness of that awful mystery. Thence, passing again down the steps, it was with a sense of relief from a pain and tension too great to be borne that the pilgrims came to the beautiful low shrine where, the anguish and torture of the three-hours' agony being over, the earthly remains of our dear Lord were laid. Crossing the outer chapel, where still remains the stone on which the angel sat when he appeared to the women after the Resurrection, and bowing under the long low arch which leads into the inner shrine, they knelt one by one in the tiny sanctuary where the open sepulchre seems to speak once more of hope and joy, and to reëcho the words, "He is not here: He is risen. Behold the place where the Lord lay."

The Via Crucis is over. It is seven o'clock, and the impressive and beautiful office of the day has begun. The Chapel of Calvary is crowded almost to suffocation with kneeling figures in deep mourning. Every thing is hung with black. The Lessons and the Passion are over, and the venerable Patriarch, rising, begins to uncover the Crucifix, while the monks intone the *Ecce, lignum Crucis!* Then commences that portion of the office which none can ever forget who have witnessed it at Rome; how much less at Jerusalem, in the very spot which witnessed the actual

throes and death-agony of the Man-God, and the woes of His Blessed Mother! One by one the worshippers rise and prostrate themselves in adoration three times, kissing the feet of their Lord, while the wail of the Reproaches rises and falls and reverberates through the sacred shrine. The *Cruz fidelis* and *Pange lingua* are taken up by the choir, and then, the mournful ceremony over, the candles on the altar are lighted, illuminating the many upturned and weeping faces, and the priests go in procession to the chapel below to bring back the Blessed Sacrament, which has been deposited in the Holy Sepulchre the preceding day; while the glorious hymn *Vexilla Regis* is sung by the whole congregation. Our English traveller, absorbed in the emotions of the place and of the hour, had remained motionless after the adoration, until the beginning of Vespers, when she turned to look at her companion, whose fragile and attenuated form still knelt beside her, while her face seemed lighted up with an unearthly glow, redeeming features which had no great natural beauty, and making one think of the old German pictures of saints. And now the anthem *Consummatum est* is over, and the *Miserere* is taken up by both priest and people; and then again the lights are extinguished, and the altar is stripped as before, and all is desolate. It is impossible to exaggerate the effect of this office on this spot, or the sense of utter desolation which falls upon the soul when all is over. It is an approach to Mary's sorrow, and a shadow of it; but to one who has not felt it, it cannot be explained. We have read of the Crucifixion all our lives, and have tried in our various degrees to realise it; but here we *see* it, as it were, with our bodily eyes, which help out our weak faith, and our devotion to the dolours of our Mother heightens and deepens our devotion to the Passion of her Son.

It was with a feeling of utter faintness and exhaustion that the two ladies whose steps we have followed turned at last out of the sacred building, and bent their steps homewards. It was only ten o'clock in the morning, but many days seemed to have been crowded into the preceding seven hours.

At the turn leading into the principal bazaar the English lady stopped: "Dear friend, I must go; my friends will be waiting for me; I will meet you in the evening." So saying, she left the Marquise, and passed rapidly through the bazaar, where beads and rosaries and mother-of-pearl crucifixes are the principal articles of commerce, stopping at last at a little hotel lately opened, and looking on what is called "Hezekiah's pool." The English were swarming out of this inn, on their way to the solitary English service given in Holy Week by Bishop Gobat and his staff at the Protestant church lately erected near the Gate of David. Nowhere

is the unhappy position of the Anglican Establishment so painfully exhibited as at Jerusalem. It is confounded with every kind of German Protestantism. Every other Church—Latin, Greek, Armenian and Copt, Syrian and Maronite—has its altar and its shrine within the area of the Holy Sepulchre. The Protestants alone have no part or parcel in the sacred inheritance, and have no share in the spots where our dear Lord suffered and died and was buried. How any one belonging to the High-Church party can go to Jerusalem and share in its solemn services, and come away unconverted, surpasses comprehension. The ordinary Protestant takes refuge in a comfortable kind of scepticism as regards every spot and every tradition held by the Church; and their position is, at any rate, more intelligible. But one of the most eminent of their body has lately, in a scientific investigation, satisfied himself of the accuracy of the hill of Calvary, by the discovery of a gateway near the stables of the Knights Templars, lately excavated, and which was mentioned by early Jewish historians as at a certain distance from the spot where the instruments of crucifixion were thrown; and this measurement tallies to a foot with the subterranean chapel under that of St. Helena, believed by the Church to be the exact spot where the relics of the true Cross were found!

In the afternoon of that day the same black figure was seen passing through the bazaar, where the Turkish venders were squatted on their boards, under the shade of their bright-coloured awnings, consoling themselves, as usual, with their long pipes for the apparent absence of all customers. The heat is very great; but the English-woman, with a basket on her arm, does not appear to feel it, and, turning to the left, disappeared in a tortuous street, and up a long and dirty staircase to a low door, which she pushed open gently, and entered what appeared to be a rude workshop. Carvers' tools, fragments of mother-of-pearl, and of the peculiar stone found in the Jordan, were scattered about, with strings of beads, half-polished and half-strung, and Bethlehem shells rudely sculptured, with half-finished sketches of the Nativity and other sacred subjects. In a corner of this room, by a window, was a rough pallet, and on it lay the figure of a boy of fifteen or sixteen, evidently in the last stage of disease.

"Ah, madre mia!" he exclaimed, as the large eyes turned to the door, and glistened with pleasure at the sight of the English lady; "how good of you to come! I did not expect you to-day; and the time has seemed so long, so long, and I have suffered so much."

"My poor boy," replied the lady, gently taking his hand and



parting the hair from his brow, which seemed contracted by pain, "I fear the pain has indeed been bad, but it is easier to bear to-day, is it not? *To-day*, when such untold agony was borne for us by our dear Lord,—to-day the cup of suffering should be less bitter. See," she added cheerfully, "I have brought you some oranges and some flowers, which the good old lay brother at Gethsemane gave me yesterday evening. These are his first roses; and look at the hyacinths, and the irises, and the jасamin—that favourite flower of mine, which means, as you know, in the Indian language, 'I love you with all my heart.' We will arrange them in these two little vases I have brought for you, and put them on either side of your picture of the Sacred Heart, so that you may see them from your bed."

So saying, she fetched some water, and began arranging the flowers, while the poor boy eagerly watched her every movement, murmuring to himself: "No one does them like her." When she had finished, he said to her softly:

"Talk to me a little bit; I want something to remember and to help me to bear the pain when you are gone. The last time you spoke of suffering being, not punishment, but only a sign of love; and I have thought of it over and over again, and tried so hard not to murmur any more."

"The flowers must talk to you, dear child," was her reply, as she knelt by the bed, and took his thin and wasted hand in hers. "Do you not think it is so strange that Gethsemane should produce such lovely flowers?—that spot where it would seem as if the sweat of agony should have cursed the very ground on which it fell. Yet is it not to teach us that it is out of anguish that comes forth sweetness? just as the bay-leaves must be crushed and bruised to give forth their pleasant smell."

She had spoken so far when the door again opened, and admitted the venerable figure of an old Franciscan monk. An expression of child-like purity and singular holiness lit up the old man's features, and justified the appellation of "*Il vero Santo*," given to the "*Ex-Custode dei Santi Luoghi*" by all the poor dwellers in Jerusalem.

"God's blessing be with you, my poor Giorgio!" he said softly; and then addressing the lady, who rose and reverently kissed his hand, added: "Ah, my child, I thought I should find you here. The Marquise is waiting for you below: but stay, what have you eaten to-day?"

The lady coloured and looked down without speaking.

"This must not be," continued the old monk decidedly; "wait here a moment till I return."

He disappeared, and in a few moments came back with a little tray containing that universal refreshment found in the poorest of Eastern houses, a cup of Turkish coffee.

"You do not know what the fatigue and excitement of to-night's service are, my child," said the old priest tenderly; "no woman's strength could hold out without something."

The lady drank the coffee in silent obedience, and pressing the hand of the sick boy, while she knelt to receive the father's blessing, passed swiftly down the stairs to her friend.

They reënter the church, and passing by the shrine of the Holy Sepulchre, take their place in the Chapel of the Flagellation. Every Friday and Sunday a procession is formed in that chapel, the pilgrims bearing lighted tapers stamped with the pictures of the Crucifixion and Resurrection, and, singing a processional hymn peculiar to the Holy Land, visit each altar erected in commemoration of the Passion, reciting the Gospel and prayers applicable to each station. A portion of the column of Flagellation is exposed in the first chapel on the left of the altar, where the office begins; and so they move on to the dungeon, and to the place where they parted His vestments, down to the subterranean chapel or crypt where the rugged rocks remain as when first excavated, and where the sacred Cross was found; returning again to the Chapel of St. Helena above, with its venerable pillars and beautiful basket-work capitals, so admirably rendered in Roberts's famous drawing; then passing to the scene of the clothing in the purple robe and terrible crown of thorns, and so ascending to the Mount of Calvary, to which portion of the service a plenary indulgence is attached, while at the words "*Hic expiravit*" the pilgrims prostrate themselves at the foot of the Cross; then again descending to the "stone of unction," where the sacred Body was washed; thence to the sepulchre where it was laid, on to the place in the garden where He appeared to Mary Magdalen after the resurrection, and so back again to the Chapel of the Blessed Virgin, where the office concludes with the touching Litany of Loreto.

It is a beautiful and solemn service, in which even Protestants are seen to join with unwonted fervour; and on this special day it was crowded to excess. When it was over, the two friends returned to the altar of St. Mary Magdalen, the words and tones of the hymn still lingering in their hearts:

"Jesu! dulce refugium,  
Spes una Te quærentium,  
Per Magdalene meritum  
Peccati solve debitum."

To those who are sorrowful and desponding at the sense of their



own unworthiness and continual shortcomings, there is a peculiar attraction and help in the thoughts of this saint, apart from all the rest. The perfections of the Blessed Virgin dazzle us by their very brightness, and make us, as it were, despair of following her example. But in the Magdalen we have the picture of one who, like us, was tempted and sinned and fell, and yet, by the mercy of God and the force of the mighty love He put into her heart, was forgiven and accepted for the sake of that very love He had infused.

Presently the English stranger rose, and, approaching one of the Franciscan monks, begged for the benediction of her crucifix and other sacred objects, according to the short form in use at the shrine of the Holy Sepulchre; a privilege kindly and courteously granted to her. And now the shades of evening are darkening the aisles of the sacred building, and the pilgrims are gathered in a close and serried mass in the Chapel of Calvary, waiting for the ceremony which is to close the solemn offices of that awful day. By the kindness of the duke, who had been their companion in the Via Crucis, the two ladies were saved from the crowd, and conducted by a private staircase from the Greek chapel to the right of the altar of Calvary. The whole is soon wrapped in profound darkness, save where the light is thrown on a crucifix the size of life, erected close to the fatal spot. You might have fancied yourself alone but for the low murmur and swaying to and fro of the dense crowd kneeling on the floor of the chapel. Presently a Franciscan monk stepped forward, and, leaving his brethren prostrate at the foot of the altar, mounted on a kind of estrade at the back, and proceeded to detach the figure of our Blessed Lord from the cross. As each nail was painfully and slowly drawn out, he held it up, exclaiming, "Ecce, dulces clavos!" and exposing it to the view of the multitude, who, breathless and expectant, seemed riveted to the spot, with their upturned faces fixed on the symbol represented to them. The supernatural and majestic stillness and silence of that great mass of human beings was one of the most striking features of the whole scene. Presently a ladder was brought, and the sacred figure lifted down, as in Rubens's famous picture of the "Deposition," into the arms of the monks at the foot of the cross. As the last nail was detached, and the head fell forward as of a dead body, a low deep sob burst from the very souls of the kneeling crowd. Tenderly and reverently the Franciscan Fathers wrapped it in fine linen, and placed it in the arms of the Patriarch, who kneeling received it, and carried it down to the Holy Sepulchre, the procession chanting the antiphon, "*Acceperunt Joseph et Nicodemus corpus Jesu; et ligaverunt illud linteis cum aromatibus, sicut mos est Judæis sepelire.*" The

crowd followed eagerly, yet reverently, the body to its last resting-place. It is a representation which might certainly be painful if not conducted throughout with exceeding care. But done as it is at Jerusalem, it can but deepen in the minds of all beholders the feelings of intense reverence, adoration, and awe with which they draw near to the scene of Christ's sufferings, and enable them more perfectly to realise the mystery of that terrible Passion which He bore for our sakes in His own Body on the tree.

And with this touching ceremony the day is over; the crowd of pilgrims disperses, to meet on the morrow in the same spot for the more consoling offices of Easter-eve.

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*From Stokys' Proverbium.*

*(Versified.)*

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SEE much, say little, learn to bear in tyme :

Empryntt these precepts on thy memorie ;

Like as the moon doth change afore the pryme,

So fares this world replete with vanitie ;

For language lewd ofte causeth misery.

Wherefore the wise man sayth to old and yonge,

The first chief vertue is to keep one's tongue.

O, would to God these false tongue-weapons all,

Moving and hissing like the curling asp,

Whose dayly venom's bitterer than gall,

Were bounden each, and closed with a clasp,

Till truth and temperance hist them to unhaspe !

For leasing, calumny, and evil word.

Have slain more men than Alexander's sword.

A little meddling bringeth much unrest ;

Praise to the over-busy none will pay.

Pray where thou art in doubt, and deem the best ;

Deal not with wiles, for they will thee betray ;

On reckless wrath waits suffering many a day.

Wherefore thyselfe an' thou wouldst keep from cryme,

See much, say little, learn to bear in tyme.

## Sealskins and Copperskins.

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### PART I.

So much English treasure, and, more than that, so many valuable English lives, have been squandered on the search for the Northwest Passage, that the dreary and frostbitten regions which form the extreme north of the continent of America have become objects of great and lasting interest to many of us. Of late years also the immense territories of the British Crown in that part of the world have assumed a new importance by the erection of the colony of British Columbia, which, if it could emerge from the difficulties imposed on it by its want of communication, and consequent unattractiveness to emigrants, might soon become the home of a teeming and prosperous population. Under these circumstances, we need hardly apologise to our readers for carrying them once more among the natives of the extreme north of the American continent; and in order to do so we shall make use of the narratives recently published of two expeditions to these regions. We have grouped them together on account of the geographical affinity and the similarity in the social state of the races which they severally describe; though in the mode of treating their subject, and the point of view from which they approach it, the writers of them exhibit quite as much difference as we might expect to find between the productions of an American explorer and a French missionary.\*

Captain Hall, unconvinced by the evidence published by Captain McClintock in 1859, undertook his expedition in search of the surviving members of Sir John Franklin's crew (if such there were); or in the hope of clearing up all doubt about the history of their end, in the event of their having perished. He was baffled in his attempt to reach the region in which he hoped to find traces of the objects of his search, by the wreck of the boat which he had constructed for the enterprise; and his ship being beset with ice in a winter which

\* *Life with the Esquimaux.* A Narrative of Arctic experience in search of the Survivors of Sir John Franklin's Expedition. By Captain Charles Francis Hall, of the whaling-barque George Henry. London: Sampson Low and Son. 1865.

*Dix-Huit Ans Chez Les Sauvages.* Voyages et Missions de Mgr. Henry Faraud dans l'extrême Nord de l'Amérique Britannique. Paris: Régis Ruffet et Cie. 1866.

set in earlier than usual, he spent more than two years—the interval between May 1860 and September 1862—among the Esquimaux on the western coast of Davis's Strait, in order to acquire their language and familiarise himself with their habits and mode of life. He is at present once more in the Arctic regions, having returned thither in order to prosecute his enterprise. He is now accompanied by two intelligent Esquimaux, whom he took back with him to America; and who, having now learnt English, will serve him as interpreters as well as a means of introduction to the various settlements of Esquimaux whom he may have occasion to visit in his travels. The results of his present expedition will probably be more interesting than those of his first. If we test the success of his first voyage by the discoveries to which it led, these were confined to correcting the charts of a portion of the western coast of Davis's Strait, and to proving that the waters hitherto laid down as "Frobisher's Strait" are in fact not a strait, but a bay. As a voyage of discovery, its importance falls far short of that undertaken for the same object in 1857 by Captain M'Clintock. Captain Hall, however, was enabled, by comparing the various traditions among the Esquimaux, to arrive at the spot where Frobisher, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, attempted to found a settlement on "Kodlunarn" [*i. e.* "White man's"] Island (the Countess Warwick's Island of English maps), where he found coal, brick, iron implements, timber, and buildings still remaining. This success in tracing out, by means of information supplied by the natives, the relics of an expedition undertaken more than three centuries ago, makes him confident of obtaining a like success in unravelling the mystery in which the fate of Sir John Franklin and his companions is still wrapped, by a similar residence among the Esquimaux of Boothia and King William's Island, which were the last known points in their wanderings. This is the region he is now attempting to reach for the second time. But the real value of his present volume is the accurate and faithful record it gives of the author's impressions, received from day to day during a residence within the Arctic Zone, and the details it gives of the habits and character of the Esquimaux.

The origin of this people is, we believe, unknown. Another Arctic traveller has suggested that they are "the missing link between a Saxon and a seal." They are rapidly decreasing in numbers; yet, if measured by the territory which they inhabit, they form one of the most widely-spread races on the face of the earth. Mr. Max Müller might help us to arrive at the ethnological family to which they belong, were he to study the specimens of their language with which Captain Hall supplies us. Judging from the physi-

ogonomy of two of them, whom the author has photographed for his frontispiece, we should say that they certainly do not belong, as M. Bérard and, we believe, Baron Humboldt have supposed, to those Mongol races, which, under the names of "Laps" and "Finns," inhabit the same latitudes of the European continent. They seem rather to approach the type of some of the tribes of the North-American Indians; and the resemblance of their habits of life and traditions points to the same conclusion. They are small of stature, five feet two inches being rather a high standard for the men, but of great strength and activity, and they have a marvellous power of enduring fatigue, cold, and hunger.

The name "Esquimaux," by which we designate them, is a French form of an Indian word, *Aish-ke-um-oog* (pronounced Es-ke-moag)—meaning in the Cree language, "He eats raw flesh;" and in fact they are the only race of North-American savages who live habitually and entirely on raw flesh. In their own language they are called *Innuît*—i. e. the people *par excellence*. Formerly they had chiefs, and a sort of feudal system among them; but this has disappeared, and they have now no political organisation whatever, and no authority among them, except that of the husband over his wives and children.

Their theology—so far as we can arrive at it—teaches that there is one Supreme Being, whom they call "Anguta," who created the material universe; and a secondary divinity (the daughter of Anguta), called "Sidne," through whose agency he created all living things, animal and vegetable. The Innuits believe in a heaven and a hell, and the eternity of future rewards and punishments. Success and happiness, and benevolence shown to others, they consider the surest marks of predestination to eternal happiness in the next world; and they hold it to be as certain that whoever is killed by accident or commits suicide goes straight to heaven, as that the crime of murder will in all cases be punished eternally in hell. They seem hardly to secure the attribute of omnipotence to their "Supreme Being;" for, in their account of the creation of the world, they affirm that his first attempt to create a man was a decided failure—that is to say, he produced a *white* man. A second attempt, however, was crowned with entire success, in the production of an Esquimaux or Innuît—the faultless prototype of the human race. A tradition of a deluge, or "extraordinary high tide," which covered the whole earth, exists among the Esquimaux; and they have certain customs which they observe with religious reverence, although they can give no other reason or explanation of them except immemorial tradition. "The first Innuits did so" is always their answer when questioned on the subject. Thus, when a reindeer, or any other animal, is killed on land, a por-

tion of the flesh is always buried on the exact spot where it fell—possibly the idea of sacrifice was connected with this practice; and when a polar bear is killed, its bladder must be inflated and exposed in a conspicuous place for three days. And many such practices, equally unintelligible, are scrupulously adhered to; and any departure from them is supposed to bring misfortune upon the offending party.

Though the Esquimaux own neither government nor control of any kind, they yet yield a superstitious obedience to a character called the "Angeko," whose influence they rarely venture to contravene. The Angeko is at once physician and magician. In cases of sickness the Esquimaux never take medicine; but the Angeko is called, and if his enchantments fail to cure, the sick person is carried away from the tents, and left to die. The Angeko is also called upon to avert evils of all kinds; to secure success for hunting or fishing expeditions, or any such undertaking; to obtain the disappearance of ice, and the public good on various occasions; and in all cases the efficacy of his ministrations is believed to be proportioned to the guerdon which he receives. Captain Hall mentions only two instances, as having occurred in his experience, of resistance being made by Esquimaux to the wishes of the Angeko; and in both cases the parties demurred to a demand that they should give up their wives to him. Though more commonly they have but one wife, owing to the difficulty of supporting a number of women, polygamy is allowed and practised by the Esquimaux. Their marriage is without ceremony of any kind, nor is the bond indissoluble. Exchange of wives is of frequent occurrence; and if a man becomes, from sickness or other cause, unable to support them, his wives will leave him, and attach themselves to some more vigorous husband. For the rest, the Esquimaux are intelligent, honest, and extremely generous to one another. When provisions are scarce, if a seal or walrus is killed by one of the camp, he invites the whole settlement to feast upon it, though he may be in want of food for himself and his family on the morrow in consequence of doing so. They are very improvident, and rarely store their food, but trust to the fortunes of the chase to supply their wants, and are generally during the winter in a constant state of oscillation between famine and abundance. The Esquimaux inhabit the extreme limits of the globe habitable by man, and they have certain peculiarities in their life consequent on the circumstances of their climate and country; but in other respects they resemble the rest of the nomad and savage races which people the extreme north of America. In summer the Esquimaux live in tents called *tupics*, made of skins like those used by the Indian tribes, and these are easily moved from place to place. As winter sets in, they choose a spot where



provisions are likely to be plentiful, and there they erect *igloos*, or huts constructed of blocks of ice, and vaulted in the roof. If they are obliged to change their quarters during the winter, either permanently or temporarily, they build fresh *igloos* of snow cut into blocks, which soon freeze, and in the space of an hour or two they are thus able to provide themselves with new premises. The only animals domesticated by the Esquimaux are their fine and very intelligent dogs. They serve them as guards, as guides, as beasts of burden and draught, as companions, and assist them in the pursuit of every kind of wild animal. The women have the care of all household affairs, and do the tailor's and shoemaker's work, and prepare the skins for all articles of clothing and bedding—no unimportant department in such a climate as theirs: the men have nothing to think of but to supply provisions by hunting and fishing. Sporting, which in civilised society is a mere recreation and amusement, is the profession and serious employment, as well as the delight, of the savage. And we find in the rational, as well as in the irrational, animal when in its wild state, the highest development of those instincts and sensible powers with which God has endowed it for its maintenance and self-preservation, and which it loses, in proportion as it ceases to need them, in civilised society or in the domesticated state.

The Arctic regions, though ill-adapted for the abode of man, teem with animal life. The seal, the walrus, and the whale supply the ordinary needs of the Esquimaux. In the mouths of their rivers they find an abundance of salmon; various kinds of ducks and other aquatic birds inhabit their coasts in multitudes; reindeer and partridges are plentiful on the hills; while the most highly prized as well as the most formidable game is the great polar-bear, whose flesh affords the most dainty feast, and whose skin the warmest clothing, to these children of the North.

Captain Hall lived, for months at a time, alone with the Esquimaux. He acquired some proficiency in their language, and shared their life in all respects. He became popular with them, and even gained some influence over them. He experienced some difficulty in his first attempt to eat raw flesh (some whale's blubber which was served up for dinner); but on a second trial, when urged by hunger, he made a hearty meal on the blood of a seal which had just been killed, which he found to be delicious. After this, cooking was entirely dispensed with. Those who have visited new and "unsettled" countries will be able to testify how easily man passes into a savage state, and how pleasant the transition is to his inferior nature. There is a charm in the freedom, in the total emancipation from the artificial restraints, the feverish collisions, and daily anxieties of civilised

society which is one of the most secret but also of the most powerful agents in advancing the colonisation of the world. Captain Hall's enthusiasm, which begins to mount at the sight of icebergs, whales, and the novelty and grandeur of Arctic scenery, reaches its climax when he finds himself in an unexplored region, the solitary guest of this wild and eccentric people, and depending, like them, for his daily sustenance on the resources of nature alone.

The Esquimaux are sociable and cheerful, and, in Greenland and the neighbouring islands, hospitable to strangers; but those of their race who inhabit the continent of America have a character for ferocity, and are the most unapproachable to Europeans of all the savage tribes of America. Even Captain Hall himself expresses uneasiness from time to time lest he should become an object of suspicion to them, or give them a motive for revenge. They are one of the few peoples of the extreme north with whom the Hudson's Bay Company have hitherto failed to establish relations of commerce. Many travellers and traders have been murdered by them on entering their territory, and the missionaries of North America regard them as likely to be the last in the order of their conversion to Christianity. Skilful boatmen and pilots, perfectly familiar with their coasts, with great intelligence in observing natural phenomena, and knowing by experience every probable variation of their inhospitable climate, as well as the mode of providing against it, they formed invaluable assistants to an expedition for the scientific survey of a region as yet imperfectly known to the geographer. Their sporting propensities were the chief hindrance to their services in the cause of science. No sooner were ducks, or seals, or reindeer in view, than all the objects of the expedition were entirely forgotten till the hunt was over. No motive is strong enough to restrain an Esquimaux from the chase so long as game is afoot:

*"Canis a corio nunquam absterrebitur uncto."*

Seals are captured by the Esquimaux in various ways. Some are taken in nets. At other times they are seen in great numbers on the ice, lying at the brink of open water, into which they plunge on the first alarm, and much skill is then required in approaching them. In doing this, the Esquimaux imitate the tactics of the polar-bear. The bear or the savage, as the case may be, throws himself flat upon the ice and imitates the slow jerking action of a seal in crawling towards his game. The seal sees his enemy approaching, but supposes him to be another seal; but if he shows any signs of uneasiness, the hunter stops perfectly still and "talks" to him—that is, he imitates the plaintive grunts in which seals converse with one another. Reassured by such persuasive language, the seal goes

to sleep. Presently he starts up again, when the same process is repeated. Finally, when within range, the man fires, or the bear springs, upon his victim. But the Esquimaux confess that the bear far surpasses them in this art, and that if they could only "talk" as well as "Ninoo" (that is, "Bruin"), they should never be in want of seal's-flesh. When the winter sets in, and the ice becomes thick, the seal cuts a passage through the ice with the sharp claws with which its flippers are armed, and makes an aperture in the surface large enough to admit its nose to the outer air for the purposes of respiration. This aperture is soon covered with snow. When the snow becomes deep enough, and the seal is about to give birth to its young, it widens the aperture, passes through the ice, and constructs a dome-shaped chamber under the snow, which becomes the nursery of the young seals. This is called a seal's *igloo*, from its resemblance to the huts built by the Esquimaux. It requires a dog with a very fine nose to mark the breathing-place or igloo of a seal by the taint of the animal beneath the snow; but when once it has been discovered, the Esquimaux is pretty sure of his prey. If an igloo has been formed, and the seal has young ones, the hunter leaps "with a run" upon the top of the dome, crushes it in, and, before the seals can recover from their astonishment, he plunges his seal-hooks into them, from which there is no escape. If there be no igloo, but a mere breathing-hole, he clears away the snow with his spear and marks the exact spot where the seal's nose will protrude at his next visit, an aperture only a few inches in diameter; then, with a seal-spear strongly barbed in his hand, and attached to his belt by twenty yards of the thongs of deer's-hide, he seats himself over the hole and awaits the seal's "blow." The seal may blow in a few minutes, or in a few hours, or not for two or three days; but there the Esquimaux remains, without food, and whatever the weather may be, till he hears a low snorting sound; then, quick as lightning, and with unerring aim, he plunges the spear into the seal, opens the aperture in the ice with his axe till it will allow the body of the seal to pass, and draws it forth upon the ice. The mode of spearing the walrus is more perilous. The walrus are generally found among broken ice, or ice so thin that they can break it. If the ice is thin, they will often attack the hunter by breaking the ice under his feet. In order to do this, the walrus looks steadily at the man taking aim at him, and then dives; the Esquimaux, aware of his intention, runs to a short distance to shift his position, and when the walrus rises, crashing through the ice on which he was standing only a moment before, he comes forward again and darts his harpoon into it. Ordinarily, the Esquimaux selects a hole in the ice where

he expects the walrus to "vent," and places himself so as to command it, with his harpoon in one hand, a few coils of a long rope of hide, attached to the harpoon, in the other, the remainder of the rope being wound round his neck, with a sharp spike fastened at the extreme end of it. As soon as the walrus rises to the surface, he darts the harpoon into its body, throws the coils of rope from his neck, and fixes the spike into the ice. A moment's hesitation, or a blunder, may involve serious consequences. If he does not instantly detach the rope from his neck, he is dragged under the ice. If he fails to drive the spike firmly into the ice before the walrus has run out the length of the line, he loses his harpoon and his rope.

But the sport which rouses the whole spirit of an Esquimaux community begins when a polar-bear comes in view. "Ninoo" is the monarch of these Arctic deserts, as the lion is of those of the South. The person who first shouts on seeing "Ninoo," whether man, woman, or child, is rewarded with his skin, whoever may succeed in killing him. Dogs are immediately put upon his track, and, on coming up with him, are taught not to close with him, but to hang upon his haunches and bring him to bay. The men follow as best they can, and with the best arms that the occasion supplies. The sagacity and ferocity of this beast make an attack upon him perilous, even with fire-arms; but great nerve, strength, and skill, are required, when armed only with a harpoon or a spear, to meet him hand-to-hand in his battle for life,

"Or to his den, by snow-tracks, mark the way,  
And drag the struggling savage into day."

The polar-bear is amphibious, and often takes to the sea. Then, if boats can be procured, it becomes a trial of speed between rowing and swimming, and an exciting race of many miles often takes place. In the open sea "Ninoo" has a poor chance of escape, unless he gets a great start of his pursuers; but the Arctic coasts are generally studded with islands, and, when he can do so, he makes first for one island, then for another, crossing them, and taking to the water again on the opposite side, while the boats have to make the entire circuit of each. The sagacity of these animals is marvellous, and proverbial among the Esquimaux, who study their habits in order to get hints for their own guidance. When seals are in the water, the bear will swim quietly among them, his great white head assuming the appearance of a block of floating ice or snow, and when close to them he will dive and seize the seals under the water. When the walrus are basking on the rocks, "Ninoo" will climb the cliffs above them and loosen large masses of rock, and then, calculating the curve

to a nicety, launch them upon his prey beneath. When a she-bear is attended by her cubs, the Esquimaux will never attack the cubs until the mother has been despatched; such is their fear of the vengeance with which, in the event of her escaping, she follows up the slaughter of her offspring by day and night with terrible pertinacity and fury.

The Esquimaux stalk the reindeer much as we do the red deer in the Highlands of Scotland; but the snow which lies in Arctic regions during the greater part of the year enables them to follow the same herd of deer by their tracks for several days together.

Such, then, are the life, the habits, the pursuits of the Esquimaux. Pagans in religion, they stand in need of that faith which alone is able to save their race, now perishing from the face of the earth. Their life is a constant struggle with the climate in which they live and the famine with which they are perpetually threatened. A hardy race of hunters, they exhibit many natural virtues, considerable intelligence, and a strong nationality. The true Faith, if they embraced it, while it secured their eternal interests, would at the same time be to them, as it has been to so many savage races, the principle of a great social regeneration. At present they are wasting away as a race, and will soon become extinct. Polygamy has always been found to cause the decrease and decay of a population; and any human society, however simple, will fall to pieces when it is not animated by ideas of order and justice.

The Esquimaux occupy the extremities of human habitation in North America; and if we pass from their territory to the south, we enter upon that vast realm called "British America"—a region sufficient in extent and resources, if developed by civilisation, to constitute an empire in itself. Of this vast territory the two Canadas alone, on the north bank of the St. Lawrence River and the chain of mighty lakes from which it flows, have been colonised by European settlers. The remainder is inhabited by the nomad tribes of Indians and the wild animals upon which they subsist, the British government being there unrepresented except by the occasional forts and stations established by the Hudson's Bay Company as centres for the traffic in furs, which the Indians supply in the greatest abundance and variety.

In our next Number we shall endeavour to interest our readers in the inhabitants of this vast region.

## Egypt in the British Museum.

### IV. MOSES IN EGYPT.

WE have done with the age of concurrent dynasties in the history of Egypt; we are come to the eighteenth dynasty, under which the whole country was consolidated under one great monarchy. This event took place fifty years after the death of Joseph, and fourteen years before the birth of Moses. We have to give an account of this dynasty, so far as it was connected with the history of the inspired lawgiver, and so far also as it is illustrated by monuments preserved in the British Museum. These monuments are no longer insignificant tablets—or blocks of a pyramid—or a paltry scarabæus; they are the antiquities which strike the eye most on passing through the Egyptian galleries, and which exhibit most characteristically the grandeur of the Egyptian sculpture.

The history of Moses is that of a man flattered as a courtier, gallant and brave as a soldier, accomplished as a scholar, with the highest honours—the royal authority itself—within his reach, and foregoing every worldly prospect for the greater glory of God, choosing rather to be afflicted with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season (Heb. xi. 25).

Egypt, then, had existed under a government like that of the Saxon Heptarchy, and had recognised the successive suzerainty of Tanite, Memphite, Theban, and Shepherd-King Chemwaldas for 475 years since Menes founded the first kingdom. Towards the end of this time the various local dynasties had gradually passed away, and at its close there remained only one beside the shepherd-king suzerain Apophis II.: this sole surviving vassal-kingdom was one that had never given a Chemwalda to Egypt; it was that of Hermonthis, or West-Nile Thebes, and under a successor of the Nantefs, whose name was Ra-skenen.\*

\* The following remarkable passage, occurring in a papyrus now belonging to the British Museum, and approaching in its antiquity to the epoch of which it speaks, has been already referred to in a former article, and deserves re-insertion here :

"It happened that Egypt was [B.C. 1749] at the mercy of barbarians; there was no [native] king at the time [except] Ra-skenen, who was governor of the south. The barbarians were at On [Heliopolis], while the chief



Apophis II., who held his court in the Delta, wished to erect a temple at Avaris. He would be obliged to seek for stone from a distance; limestone could be obtained from the quarries of Toura, near Memphis; for sandstone application must be made to the kings of Thebes, and granite could not be procured nearer than the first cataract. The shepherd-king had viceroys at On, or Heliopolis, not far from Memphis; he had a vassal-king, Ra-skenen, at Thebes, and there were commandant chiefs who ruled in his name on the confines and in the country of Nubia. To these king Apophis made his request; Ra-skenen held a council with his chiefs; he found them ripe for revolt; the Nubians made common cause with the native Egyptians: the first blow was struck, and the foreigners, the shepherd-kings, found themselves threatened with a general insurrection.

After this Ra-skenen disappears from the scene, and the name of the prince who carried on the war with the shepherd-king was Amosis. His Egyptian name was Aah-mes, which would be represented by the Greek Selenogenes. In his veins the black blood of Ethiopia was mingled with the red blood of Egypt; and so pronounced was his Ethiopian connection, that the mighty dynasty, the eighteenth, which he founded, though more commonly called Theban or Diospolite, is not unfrequently called Ethiopian.

This circumstance explains the singular error of later times, according to which it has been imagined that the monarchy, the civilisation, and religion of Egypt had come from Nubia and descended the Nile. Such an idea is utterly untenable; though it is true that, on this occasion, it was from Nubia chiefly that the power and the religion came which overthrew the suzerainty of the shepherd-kings and expelled them from Egypt.

The shepherd-kings, threatened with a combined attack of Egyptians and Nubians, do not seem to have made any stand in the course of the valley of the Nile: they at once betook themselves to Avaris, shut themselves up in its walls, and awaited their enemies.

Amosis, whatever may have been his relationship to Ra-skenen, succeeded him at Thebes in the year B.C. 1749. He strengthened his hands by intermarriages: he certainly married an Ethiopian princess; it is possible that he married also a daughter of Ra-skenen, and it would be in her right that he succeeded to her father. In B.C. 1748, the following year, Amosis attacked Avaris; he failed, and

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Apapi [that is, Apophis II., the last of the shepherd-kings] was at Avaris [to the east of the Delta], and the whole country offered him its products, and loaded him with the good things of Lower Egypt. King Apapi took Soutech for god, and served none of the gods of the land. He built a beautiful and durable temple."

retired to Memphis, where he was crowned, and from this event the origin of the eighteenth dynasty is dated. Henceforth Memphis and Thebes share the honour of being the capital city of Egypt. Memphis was the more ancient capital, Thebes the more important. Thebes became eventually the usual residence of the sovereign; but his eldest son, the heir-apparent, was made, sometimes at least if not in general, the local viceroy of Memphis. The crown of Memphis was red, that of Thebes was white, and either of them at will, or both at once (and when united they formed the Pschent), were worn by the Egyptian monarch. If our readers wish to see the two crowns, they may find them in their proper colours on the head of a hawk-headed human figure on the left of the doorway facing the top of the staircase leading to the Egyptian Saloon in the British Museum.

In the succeeding years, B.C. 1747, 1746, 1745, Amosis was equally unsuccessful in his attacks on the stronghold of the Shepherds, Avaris; but in B.C. 1744 it yielded, and the Hykshôs were expelled. Amosis followed up the blow the year after; and at Scharhana, beyond the frontiers of Egypt, he routed the Shepherds anew. So secure had he made Egypt towards the north-east by these achievements, that in the next year, B.C. 1742, he was able to turn his army southwards, made a campaign in Chentnefer, the more distant parts of Nubia near the gold-region, and was victorious. "So," says a contemporary monument, "he was master both in the south and in the north." Of the subsequent acts of Amosis we have little to relate. He made two more campaigns in Nubia, the second of which was in consequence of a revolt; the latest monumental date connected with him is in the twenty-second year of his reign, when he quarried stone at Toura in order to build two temples, one of Phtha at Memphis, the other of Ammon at Thebes. Thus he made amends to the idols of his country for the impiety of the shepherd-kings, or, in other words, thus the angel of Egypt was baffled in the hopes he had conceived from the advancement and influence of Joseph; and Lucifer and his foul spirits again established themselves firmly on the soil and in the capitals of the most civilised country of the world. Moses, who was to smite Egypt with plagues, was now seven years old.

Amosis I. was the king who knew not Joseph (Exod. i. 8); he expelled the shepherd-kings, but the Hebrews he was content to use as subjects, and he began the long period of their oppression, which lasted some ninety years. The persecution was fiercest at its beginning and at its close: at its beginning under Amosis; at its close under Amenoph II.; at its beginning, when orders were given to destroy all the male children of the people of God; at its close, when

the tale of bricks was enforced under aggravated barbarity. It was in the fifteenth year of Amosis that he issued the inhuman edict to cast into the river the male children of the Hebrews, B.C. 1734; and in this year was born the future deliverer of the people of Israel.

Amram, of the house of Levi, took to wife Jochabed, one of his own kindred. She bore him a daughter, Miriam or Mary; and three years before the promulgation of the edict, a son, who received the name of Aaron. Just after the publication of the edict, Jochabed bore a second son, doomed by the edict to death. Her maternal fondness was increased by the beauty of her child, and she concealed him for three months. When she could hide him no longer, she took a basket or little boat made of papyrus; and making it water-tight with slime and pitch, she put her babe into it, and laid him in the sedges by the river's brink. She set her daughter Miriam to watch and take notice what would be done. "And behold the daughter of Pharaoh Amosis came down to bathe in the river, and her maids walked by the river-side; and when she saw the basket in the sedges, she sent one of her maids to fetch it; and when it was brought she opened it, and seeing within it an infant crying, she had compassion on it, and said, 'This is one of the babes of the Hebrews.' And Miriam, the child's sister, said to her, 'Shall I go and call to thee a Hebrew woman to nurse the babe?' She answered, 'Go.' And Miriam went and called the mother. And Pharaoh's daughter said to the mother, 'Take this child and nurse him for me, and I will give thee thy wages.' The woman took and nursed the child; and when he was grown up she delivered him to Pharaoh's daughter, and she adopted him for her son, and called him Moses, saying, 'Because I took him out of the water.'"

Thus the future lawgiver received an Egyptian name. Modern scholarship confirms the interpretation given in Holy Scripture. M. Lenormant tells us that the name is pure Egyptian, and that MSHOU SHeSH means, literally, "drawn out of the water."

Who was this "Pharaoh's daughter"?

Amosis, as we have already seen, allied himself intimately with his neighbours to the south by marrying an Ethiopian princess. Her name was Aahmes Nofri-ari; or, as Mr. Birch of the British Museum prefers, Arit-nefer Aahmes,—meaning "good companion of Aahmes." Her nation is clearly indicated by the monuments on which she appears painted, not yellow (the conventional colour for Egyptian women), nor red or chocolate (the conventional colour for Egyptian and Nubian men), but coal-black, like some of the kings of the Xoïte or Cushite dynasty, as in the Museum at Leyden. The

power and influence of the family of Nofri-ari are evident from the fact that to the very end of this dynasty she is honoured and worshipped even above her husband. She appears on monuments with him; and after his death with his son and successor, Amenoph the First, as reigning with him in her own right, with the titles Royal Daughter, Royal-Wife, Royal Mother, and sometimes wearing the pschent or double crown of Upper and Lower Egypt, of Thebes and Memphis. Queen Nofri-ari may be found represented on two monuments in the Egyptian Gallery, numbered 297 and 811. In the former of the two her nationality is distinguished by her colour from that of an Egyptian queen (Sitkames), of whom she takes precedence. She bore to Amosis three children, whose names we know: Amenoph, who succeeded his father in B.C. 1724, ten years after Moses's birth; Ramses, after whom it is perfectly possible that Amosis may have named the city mentioned in the first chapter of Exodus, ver. 11, as fortified by the Hebrew serfs; and a daughter named Aahmes Merit-Ammon. This princess, therefore, was the "daughter of Pharaoh" who adopted Moses as her foster-child, and gave him an Egyptian name. We have mentioned her third in order; but there is good reason to believe that she was older than her brothers, whom also she survived. She married her cousin Thothmes; and after the death of her brother Amenoph the First, she appears as queen-consort to Thothmes the First. So Moses became the adopted son of the King and Queen of Egypt, who had no son of their own, though they had a daughter named Hatasu, of whom we shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

On the death of Amosis, his son Amenoph the First succeeded to the throne of Egypt, B.C. 1724. We have nothing of importance to say about him. We are told that he led an expedition into Nubia, and that in this expedition Aahmes Pensuben was a general; and this Pensuben was, in all probability, Moses' instructor in the art of war. Amenoph the First died in B.C. 1711.

Thothmes the First—or, as we might call him in Greek, Her-mogenes—succeeded Amenoph the First in right of his cousin and wife Merit-Ammon, the "daughter of Pharaoh." She would be at this time about forty years of age, and Moses would be twenty-three. We read of a campaign in Ethiopia in the first year of this king, and of another in Naharain or Mesopotamia in his second year. This is a proof of the increasing influence of Egypt in Asia. Egypt had become aggressive against the Shasou. Thothmes the First died B.C. 1704. His wife survived him; and he left a daughter named Hatasu or Ramakar. The government was carried on by his widow Merit-Ammon, who continued to reign till her own death, or till her

daughter's marriage, B.C. 1698, when Moses would be thirty-six years old.

Let us now trace the life of Moses during these years. First, however, we may be allowed to quote a contemporary monument, which was erected by a man who must have been an acquaintance of Moses, and probably intimately connected with him. This is Aahmes Pensuben or Pai-en-Sowan—He-of-Suben, Sowan, or Eilithyia. On this monument he speaks of the honours he had received from his royal masters, and enumerates his campaigns. His name illustrates the way in which the children of Egyptians were often called by their parents. The name of the king regnant would stand first; and then, for distinction's sake, there would be added the name of the father, or the name of the mother, or the name of the child's birthplace. We do not mean to say that this was the way in which Pensuben received his names; we only state a fact suggested by his names. He was Souten-si, or hereditary (?) Viceroy of El Kab, the Egyptian Sowan, the Greek Eilithyia. The decorations which he received from the sovereign are those which were conferred only on men of the highest rank. He must, at the time of his death, have seen at least sixty-seven years of military service; for, according to his own account, he served in the first year of Amosis, B.C. 1749, and in the first of Thothmes the Third, B.C. 1682.\* Pensuben was thirty years older than Moses.

Moses grew up the adopted son of Pharaoh's daughter, the Princess Merit-Ammon. He was ten years old when her father died. Between his eleventh and twenty-fourth year the brother of his adoptive mother was king; and this would be naturally the epoch of his education. We know, on the authority of St. Stephen, that he was instructed in all the wisdom of the Egyptians (Acts vii. 22). We may imagine him, therefore, devoting himself diligently to all the Egyptian literature within the reach of a princess who had all at her command; and as we ourselves have studied the principles of morality in the works of Aristotle, so Moses, while nurturing in his heart the lessons of true religion which he had learned from his real mother, would have applied himself to the lucubrations of Phthahotep, who had composed his moral treatises three hundred years

\* He says of himself, "I served the King Ra-neb-peh [this is the throne-name of Amosis: see *The Month*, December 1865, p. 598]; I served the King Ra-ser-ka [Amenoph the First]; I served the King Ra-aa-cheper-ka [Thothmes the First]; I served also the King Ra-aa-en-cheper [Thothmes the Second]; I served also the Queen Ra-ma-ka [Hatasu]; I nursed her daughter the Princess Ra-nofreu, deceased." Lastly is mentioned his still living and serving the King Ra-men-cheper [Thothmes the Third].

before.\* The youthful Moses would have more satisfaction in his mathematical and astronomical studies. To Joseph, in all probability, was due the correction of the Egyptian calendar; and the Hebrew student's heart would glow with an honest pride when he heard quoted the observations of Osarsiph, even though his Egyptian professors might accompany their allusions to the viceroy with sneers at his having been of barbarian extraction, and the favourite of one of the hated race of the Shason. But Moses' education would have been incomplete without the knowledge of arms; and here again his adoptive mother, the Princess Merit-Ammon, would secure him the most favourable opportunities of study; and whom would she choose but the military chief of Eilithyia, Aahmes Pensuben, who, when Moses was seventeen years old, would have been forty-seven, and would have seen more than thirty years of active service, beginning with the busy days of Amosis, the founder of the dynasty? Pensuben was a general in the Nubian expedition of Amenoph the First; and likely enough the Hebrew cadet fleshed his sword as aide-de-camp to this warrior, and followed him with battle-axe or scimeter, or bow and arrows, in the two-wheeled Egyptian war-chariot, as we see the son of Rameses accompanying his father in an expedition against the Ethiopians in the copy of the paintings at Beit Oually, which may be found on the wall of the Egyptian saloon (upstairs) in the British Museum.

When Moses' adoptive mother, Merit-Ammon, ascended the throne with her cousin-husband Thothmes the First, B.C. 1711, Moses would be in his twenty-fourth year, and "Pharaoh's daughter" would have no cause to regret the interest she had taken in the exposed Hebrew babe: he was now in the flower of his youth, an accomplished courtier, a learned scholar, a gallant soldier; and with all the favour of the court and the unlimited influence of his mother a brilliant career of worldly glory was opening before him. One gift was denied him—he did not possess eloquence, or fluency of speech; but this was compensated by the winning amiability of his manner, his unpretending affability, and an unexampled meekness and gentleness; forbearing when injured himself, he was all on fire at the sight of wrongs done to others; generously rejoicing at the advancement of others, he was incapable of jealousy; penetrated with the sense of the presence of the true God, he feared not, when the time came for braving it, the wrath of the king. Merit-Ammon was proud of her foster-son; and her royal husband, for her sake, would treat him as his own; and so much the more as Merit-Ammon had been denied

\* We have already given an account of these treatises, as the "oldest book in the world," in the December Number of *The Month*, 1865.



the blessing of a son and heir, though she had borne a daughter, the Princess Hatasu.

Two campaigns are mentioned in the reign of Thothmes the First: one in his first year, B.C. 1711, in Ethiopia; the other in Naharain or Mesopotamia, in the year following. Pensuben was engaged in these expeditions, and no doubt Moses accompanied him as one of his staff. In that case Moses caught a sight of that Promised Land, to the frontiers of which he was to guide the children of Israel, though when that time came, he was not permitted to enter it.

Thothmes the First died B.C. 1704, and Merit-Ammon was left a widow. She is dignified with the titles of Royal Wife, Divine Spouse, Lady of Both Countries [Upper and Lower Egypt], and Great Royal Sister. Thus left with the cares of royalty weighing heavily upon her, she would need all the aid she could derive from the veteran Pensuben, now sixty years of age, and from her foster-son, who had now reached the age of thirty. She was left with a daughter who was still very young, and who was heiress to the throne. Should death carry off the mother suddenly, her daughter would be left helpless and unprotected to cope with the difficulties of her position. What means could she adopt against such an emergency? Prudence no less than affection pointed out the only road. There would be danger in uniting Hatasu with a collateral of the royal family, who might be more anxious to aggrandise himself than consult the dignity of his spouse: there was one in her court in whose honour and virtue she could implicitly confide, to whose age, and wisdom, and prudence, and energy, and love she could, without a drawback of suspicion, trust the youth and inexperience of her daughter. She could relieve her anxieties in her daughter's behalf by gratifying her affection for her foster-son; and Moses was destined in her mind to become the husband and the protector of Hatasu.

We may well imagine the perplexity into which Moses was thrown when his adoptive mother first proposed her wish to him, and the surprise of Merit-Ammon when, for reasons he could not explain and she could not understand, Moses denied himself to be the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to be afflicted with the people of God than to have the pleasure of sin for a season, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of the Egyptians; for he looked unto the reward (Heb. xi. 24-26).

There is a Jewish fable related by Josephus, which refers to that part of the history of Moses with which we are now occupied. He is said to have gone into Ethiopia with the command of an army. This is likely enough; for we have already had occasion to notice several campaigns in Ethiopia, and Moses may have taken the lead

either in conjunction with Pensuben, or, in his absence, singly; and the southernmost parts of Ethiopia were still independent, or if conquered, they might rebel. But it is added, that as he was in the enemy's country the king's daughter fell in love with him, and purchased his hand by betraying her father's capital to the Egyptians; and this account of his Ethiopian marriage—for that he had once married an Ethiopian woman is attested by himself in the Book of Numbers (chap. xii. 1)—falls to the ground before the much more probable explanation which is hinted by contemporary Egyptian monuments (Palmer, *Egypt. Chron.* p. 199). He refused indeed to marry the Princess Hatasu herself; but he was permitted to choose one of the ladies of the court, many of whom would naturally be Ethiopians, as the attendants on Queen Nofri-ari and her daughter, Merit-Ammon; while Hatasu was united to Thothmes, her cousin or half-brother, and ascended the throne with him on the death or abdication of her mother, Aahmes Merit-Ammon, *n.c.* 1698.

Thus was Moses deprived of his chief support in the court of Egypt. He was now thirty-six years old, and our memory reminds us that very few years are to elapse before he will be obliged to seek safety from the wrath of the king in flight. His noble qualities, his influence with the deceased queen, his chivalry in war, his irreproachable virtue had raised up against him plenty of secret enemies in the pagan court, and men began to recal to mind his Hebrew and "Typhonian" origin, and to speak of him as a foundling and an adventurer. Still for a time his position in the court of Thothmes the Second and Hatasu was such, that he thought his brethren would understand how that by his hand—so soon as he stood up in their behalf and showed himself ready to defend them—God would deliver them; but they understood it not (*Acts vii.* 25).

It is intelligible that the king himself, Thothmes the Second, would not be unwilling to listen to words spoken in disparagement of one whom the queen-mother had destined to be her daughter's husband instead of himself; and Hatasu, the queen, may have remembered with pique the fact of his having declined the honour of her hand. What part old Pensuben would have taken in the matter is not plain: he was, we know, firmly attached to the court, and on terms of familiarity with his sovereigns; for he speaks of his "nursing" the little Princess Ra-Nofreou; and as he continued in favour all through this reign, and died to all appearance still in court-favour early in the next, he would probably be one who would not expose himself to disgrace for the sake of a Hebrew *parvenu* thirty years younger than himself.

A change, then, is coming over the fortunes of Moses. In the

fifth year of the reign of Thothmes the Second and Hatasu, when Moses was in his fortieth year (Acts vii. 23), it came into his heart to visit his brethren, the children of Israel. Hitherto he had dwelt in the court, and his oppressed countrymen, the objects of the contempt and oppression of the Egyptians, would be out of his sight. Their home was Hawur or Avaris, to the east of the Delta, in the land of Goshen, far away from Thebes, where the court resided; and such of them as were spread over the country or in the neighbourhood of the royal city were subjected to the most menial service; living in a state of serfdom, they might be ill-treated with impunity. The visit of Moses to his brethren disclosed to him the full reality of that misery which he had only known by hearsay; and the spirit which had been stirred to martial ardour in the wars of Egypt was kindled into burning indignation at the sight of the injustice shown to one of his nation: he saw an Egyptian striking one of the Hebrews; he smote him to death, and hid the corpse in the sand.

His act had been witnessed; and on the morrow, when he offered to interpose between two of his brethren, the aggressor, who had seen or heard of what he had done the day before, assailed him with "Who hath appointed thee prince and judge over us? Wilt thou kill me as thou didst kill the Egyptian yesterday?"

And it came to the ears of Pharaoh; and Pharaoh Thothmes the Second, the husband of Hatasu, Moses' sister by adoption, was the king that "sought to kill Moses" (Exodus ii. 15).

Moses fled, B.C. 1694, and took refuge beyond the Egyptian frontier in the land of Madian. There he dwelt, as a stranger in a foreign country, the guest of Jethro, or Raguel, priest of Madian, and soon after his son-in-law. He married Sephora, and became the father of Gersam and Eliezer. Here he spent forty years; and during this period Thothmes the Second died, B.C. 1682, and was succeeded by his namesake and cousin, Thothmes the Third, who was also half-brother to Hatasu, and had already been associated in the royal authority. The accession of Thothmes the Third as sole king took place twelve years after Moses' flight, and he died a year, more or less, before the return of Moses and the Exodus.

We will leave Moses for a time in his new life, occupied in superintending his father-in-law's flocks in Madian,—a life different indeed from that which he had previously led,—and we will relate some of the events connected with Thothmes the Third in Egypt.

Thothmes the Third was one of the greatest builders and one of the greatest conquerors among the Egyptian kings. Under his sway Egypt rose to the greatest prosperity, and Israel was crushed with the most grinding oppression.

As to his conquests, we find him attacking the Asiatics (who had long lost their prestige of victory) on their own continent. He pressed them hard as far as Nineveh and the banks of the Tigris. Babylon too is named, and the list of the tributes paid to him by conquered countries has been in part preserved by the sculptures which are found on his additions to the great temple of Karnak, the north-eastern quarter of Thebes. A memorial of his victories is found in No. 168. Here Thothmes the Third is represented as kneeling on *nine bows*, emblematic of the foreigners he had overcome.

If we consider him as a builder, besides the additions just mentioned at Karnak, he built there a granite sanctuary, a temple at Semneh in Nubia, and rock shrines near Ipsambul. The magnificence of the buildings of Karnak may be imagined when we are told that the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris could be contained in one of the chambers there, and that the Column in the Place Vendôme would represent the size of one of its pillars. It was apparently in the neighbourhood of the granite sanctuary that the monument No. 12 in the Egyptian Gallery was found. It represents, in syenite or red granite, king Thothmes standing between two deities, Munt-ra and Athor, who hold him on each side by the hand. The group is repeated round the central shaft. The name of the king may be read on his belt in front, and this is the usual place to look for it. It is, however, his throne name, not his family name—not Thothmes, but Ra-men-cheper. The *circle* stands for the sun's disk *Ra*, the beetle or scarabæus is in Egyptian *cheper*, and the other sign stands for *men*. He raised a sitting statue to Thothmes the Second, his predecessor, which is still preserved; and there are three obelisks which belong to his reign—one at Alexandria, one at Constantinople, and the third close by St. John Lateran's in Rome. The last bears also the name of Thothmes the Fourth, who was next but one in succession to him, and in whose reign the obelisk was completed. A fragment of the fallen obelisk at Alexandria—called also Cleopatra's Needle—may be found at the end of the Egyptian Gallery in the British Museum, on the right. At the top of the stairs may be found plaster-casts, coloured as red granite, taken from the apex of the fallen obelisk at Karnak, which, with its fellow, stood before the granite sanctuary, and was erected by queen Hatasu, coregnant with Thothmes the Second and Third, in honour of her father, Thothmes the First. Hatasu appears always in a position of superiority when contrasted with the kings, and her masculine preëminence is indicated on the obelisk by the decoration of a beard on her royal chin.

The colossal head of red granite, No. 15, represents Thothmes the Third; and the immense arm, No. 55, which belonged to the same statue, shows that it represented the monarch standing. The hand once held the *cross with a handle*, the symbol of life, which is repeated over and over again in the Egyptian monuments. Belzoni has immortalised himself by cutting his name in the granite, on the back support of the head, with the date A.D. 1817, as he has on the base of the sitting statue of Memnon, No. 21. It may be remarked that Thothmes is here represented as wearing the crown of Upper Egypt, white and conical, and that in front of it are the remains of the royal uræus or asp.

We have said that the oppression of the Hebrews reached its climax under Thothmes the Third. It is said in Holy Scripture, where mention is made of his death (Exod. ii. 23), that the children of Israel, groaning, cried out because of the works. Their cry went up to God for the works; and in a tomb of the time of this king at Thebes, in which the making of bricks for the Temple of Ammon is represented, the labourers (mixed with native Egyptians of the conventional red colour) are light-coloured bearded Asiatics, having officers of their own, who are seen measuring the daily task, while task-masters much darker than the red Egyptians—of a purplish or chocolate colour, showing a Nubian connection—stand over them in the attitude of command, or sit by with rods in their hands. The scene is at Thebes; but there is no reason for doubting of its representing the Hebrews, of whom, being so numerous in the Delta and all reduced to this slavery, some might well be found also at Thebes, and certainly some of them rather than any other more distant Asiatics. It was after his death, in his son Amenoph the Second's time, that all the Hebrews were collected together and concentrated at Avaris, when the king was vacillating whether he would let them go or not.

We may perhaps connect with this oppression of the Hebrews, as well as with the king's foreign conquests, the scarabæi which may be found in the Egyptian Room upstairs, numbered 3999, 4000, and 4041. The name of Thothmes III. may be read on each; and he is represented in the first as a sphinx treading on an Asiatic, in the second as a bull trampling a foreigner under foot, and in the third he is described as the good ruler and smiter of foreigners.

It was our intention to have closed our articles on *Egypt in the British Museum* in the present Number of *The Month*. We must postpone what remains of the history of Moses to our next Number.

XC.

## In Old Man's Hendecasyllables.

—o—  
*Senectute lætus.*

OBREPENS tacito levique passu,  
Non ingrata nec invenusta prorsus  
Pulchritudine sed tua decora,  
Succedis domui, Senecta, nostræ.  
Salve, sanctior hospes, et mearum  
Posthæc quotquot erunt comes dierum!  
Quid, quod me renuit choræa dulcis  
Et cætus juvenum procaciorum?  
Quod sit mens hebeti retusa sensu,  
Abruptisque sodalibus relictus  
Stem mecum meditans, ut alta rupes,  
Quæ circumspectans maris tumultus  
Noctu, sola, silens, videtur alnum  
Expectare novæ jubar diei?  
At non omnia perdidi, nec omnes:  
Me cœli facies, novoque vere  
Tellus innumero implicata flore,  
Me mulcet volucrum cadente sole  
Submissum arborea melos sub umbra.  
Mulcent me unus et alter, eriguntque,  
Quos mecum, pueros senesque mecum  
Dulci firmus amor ligat catena.  
Atqui, ô si potero, Pater benigne,  
Pro tantis meritas referre grates,  
Conjux optima restat, et propago  
Vitâ carior, et corona vitæ.  
Nec me certa latet comes senectæ  
Humano metuenda mors timore:  
At sperare licet, licet decetque;  
Fidentesque Deo ibimus per umbras,  
Ibimus per iter tenebricosum,  
Quo tu, Christe Redemptor, anteisti,  
Mortem morte domans, tuoque amore  
In cœlos homini viam recludens.



## Archbishop Manning on the Reunion of Christendom.

“BUT our trust in the Almighty is, that with us contentions are now at their highest float, and that the day will come (for what cause of despair is there?) when the passions of former enmity being allayed, we shall, with ten times redoubled tokens of our unfeignedly reconciled love, show ourselves each towards other the same which Joseph and the brethren of Joseph were at the time of their interview in Egypt. Our comfortable expectation and most thirsty desire whereof what man soever amongst you shall any way help to satisfy (as we truly hope there is no one amongst you but some way or other will), the blessings of the God of peace, both in this world and in the world to come, be upon him more than the stars of the firmament in number.”

In these beautiful words does one of the greatest and most religious of the writers of the Anglican Establishment express his desire for peace with other Christians. It is true that Hooker does not address them to Catholics, but to Presbyterians; to the disciples of the foreign Reformers who exercised so baneful an influence on this country in the days of Edward VI. and Elizabeth. As for union with Catholics, it would scarcely have been safe to express any such wish at that time, even if it existed. Hooker was probably in advance of his contemporaries in this also. It used to be said at Oxford many years ago, we do not know with what truth, that this great divine had been characterised in certain theological lectures to candidates for ordination as “the first writer who had been indiscreet enough to hint at the possibility of our [Catholic] forefathers having been saved.” At all events, in his day the attempt made by the Anglicans was to coalesce with Presbyterians and foreign Reformers against the Catholic Church. We are not now concerned with the history of those attempts, nor with their controversial bearing on the true character of the Establishment. We look upon them rather as a proof of that craving for unity which is a native instinct of every Christian heart, and which has always been powerful among so religious a people as our countrymen. What Hooker put into his own noble language was felt then throughout the length and breadth of the land, and we trust is felt still at the present day; or if it is not felt, it is a dormant impulse, working unconsciously, and ready to be

roused into life and vigour, as "the soul of music slumbering in the shell" till the master's touch calls forth its melodies. Tertullian speaks beautifully of the indeliberate evidences of "the soul naturally Christian;" where the grace of baptism has been given, it is not wonderful that there should always exist the longings for unity of the soul by birthright Catholic. The force of this impulse, when aided and strengthened by the indisputable witness of the New Testament to the duty of unity, as a condition indispensable for the enjoyment of the Gospel privileges, may be estimated by the amount of labour that it has been necessary to expend in order to persuade people that it cannot, under present circumstances, be obeyed. We shall be able to understand its power when we can duly estimate the whole statecraft of the Elizabethan courtiers and their successors, the artful way in which loyalty to the sovereign, national spirit, and patriotism have been identified with separation from the great body of Christians throughout the world, and all the glories of the history of England attributed to her Protestantism: and when we can fairly measure the whole extent of that wonderful system of falsification of history and fact about the Catholic Church which has even within the last few months been carried on with great applause by a writer who has only improved on his predecessors by adopting the name of a peacemaker. We do not, of course, claim for the English people any peculiar national gift which makes them lean towards Catholic unity. But we may fairly attribute to them, what foreigners who have lived among us are often loud in commending, a readiness to entertain religious thoughts, a disposition to piety and charity, which shows itself plainly enough in the many developments of active benevolence in which they have few rivals. They have a great reverence for whatever authority they acknowledge, a strong sense of duty, a conscientiousness and sobriety of temper, and an energy when action is required, which would make them foremost in obedience and service to the Church, if they were numbered among her children. Setting aside the great mischief which satisfied pride, material success, and unexampled prosperity have done to the nation at large, it cannot be expected that a people of so vigorous a character should be very gentle in dealing with what is represented to it in the most odious colours by men who profess to be teachers of truth and lovers of peace. But as surely as the precious spring is pent up within the rock, ready to reward the patient industry which resolutely labours through the intervening strata till it has been brought to light, so certainly in the depths of the Christianity of England does the spirit of unity still live, though it would seem to be beyond the power of any human effort to dig through the mass of superincumbent mis-

representation, and set it free. Miserable indeed is the lot of those who occupy themselves in adding to that mass ! but the activity with which they ply their labour is an evidence how much they fear from the native force of the truth which they are obscuring. Meanwhile we may trust that the process of disillusion is going on silently, working from as many centres as there are Catholic churches and communities in the land. As Dr. Newman long ago pointed out, men's minds are disabused in proportion as the Church makes herself known, and each one of us has a duty and a power with respect to his own neighbours.

It is obvious that in the happy work of doing away with prejudice and banishing falsehoods concerning the Church, Catholics in a country like this can have no exclusive sympathies. They cannot limit their efforts, their hopes, their prayers, to the members of any one of the various religious denominations by which they are surrounded. Some of these may have preserved the semblance of an ecclesiastical organisation, and may possess more fragments of the deposit of truth than have fallen to the share of others : all equally are outside the pale of the Church, and all equally have to be drawn within it. The arguments used in discussion may differ in different cases ; for we must always start from that which those with whom we are dealing have in common with ourselves. But argument is one thing, and charity another ; and the instincts of Christian love are not modified by the intellectual condition of those for whose good they yearn. Those, too, whom grace has of late years brought home to the Church have not all started from the same point, or gone through the same stages of opinion before arriving at peace. It is not necessary that the Dissenter should become a Churchman, the Churchman an "Anglo-Catholic," the "Anglo-Catholic" a Tractarian, and the Tractarian blossom into an Unionite. The same simple truths are open to all, and their reception depends more on the heart than on the head. The Catholic Church, therefore, is open to the disciples of one school as well as of another, and her children have duties to all and welcome for all, and they pray for all. They do not find those who begin by being the furthest from them in opinion the most difficult to convince of the truth of the claims of Catholicism ; and they often meet with the most ungenerous treatment and the most insolent rebuffs from those who profess to be the nearest.

No one, probably, in our own days has laboured more assiduously and devotedly to bring about the "Reunion of Christendom," as far as this country is concerned, than the late holy and venerated Father Ignatius Spencer. He had no resources at command but his own personal exertions, and he gave them to the cause at the cost of a

great amount of fatigue, ridicule, and contemptuous treatment. But he did not address himself to one denomination of Christians only in his attempts to kindle the spirit of prayer for unity and light; nor did his hopes and aims limit themselves to the conversion of the members of a particular party in the Establishment. In the true Catholic spirit, he addressed himself to all, earnestly begging of them to pray for themselves and others. With the true instinct also of a faithful child of the Church, he declined altogether to have any thing to do with the movement initiated by a small section of the extreme High-Church party, by which the members of three (supposed) "branches" of the Catholic Church were engaged to unite in prayer for unity, and enrol themselves in an Association for the Union of Christendom. We conceive that Father Ignatius, both in that in which he went beyond the originators of this Association, and in that in which he declined to join them, was guided by the same principles of Catholic action which have lately been enunciated by the Sacred Congregation at Rome in its replies to the address of the Unionites, and which have been now explained and insisted on in the Pastoral Letter of His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster. Catholics can recognise only two bonds of union which unite them to other men, inside the universal circle of a common nature and a common end. The one is that of Baptism, wherever and by whomsoever duly administered, which makes the soul which receives it a child of God and a member of the One Holy Catholic Church; though that right may never issue in the possession of her privileges, in consequence of heresy, schism, or other grievous sin. The other bond is that of visible communion with the appointed centre of unity, the See of St. Peter. We need hardly say that these two bonds are in principle and in the Divine intention but one: it is only in consequence of human misery and sin that we can speak of them as historically distinct. The tie of charity connects us closely with all who are within the sphere of either of these unities; and in the case of individuals who find themselves outside the visible communion of the Church it would be presumptuous for us to judge how far their misfortune is simply involuntary, or how far they are responsible for it. At the same time our duties to the great truths on which the visible unity of the Church rests forbid us to associate with them in any way which implies an admission of the legitimacy of their condition, whether it be willingly adopted and persevered in or not. Here we come across the imperative claims of the faith, to which nothing can be sacrificed, and to sacrifice which is directly contrary to charity itself. We can pray for those who are outside the Church; and it may be that there has seldom been a time when such prayers

have been more universally and more earnestly practised amongst Catholics, or with such signal encouragement from Heaven in the form of unexpected conversions. We can incite them to pray, in such ways as they think right, for their own ingathering to the Fold, under whatever name they may be inclined to call it. This was the great aim of Father Ignatius: to obtain prayers from Catholics for the conversion of Englishmen, and to get them to pray for themselves. Can we join in formal associations with them for an object which implies a statement contrary to Catholic doctrine, and a denial of the indefectible unity of the Church? This is asking too much: but if we could accede to it at the request of Anglicans, we might as well do so at the call of Dissenters. We might as well pray for deliverance from error as to the subject-matter of some of the infallible decisions of the Church, as for deliverance from a state of disunion existing in the Church itself which implies that the promises of our Lord have failed. As it would be a treason to Divine Truth to pray that the Church might regain the true faith as to the Divinity of our Blessed Lord or the reality of His sacred Humanity, so it is to speak against the Creed to pray for the restoration of the essential unity of the Church, which is guaranteed to her by the perpetual presence of the Holy Ghost, in accordance with the promise of our Lord.

All such proposals as that which we are considering are founded upon some supposed truth, as to which the parties who are invited to accept them ought to be agreed with those who make them. The Unionist proposals seem not to recognise Dissenters as within the pale of Christendom. They invite the members, lay and clerical, "of the Roman Catholic, Greek, and Anglican communions," to join in an Association of Prayer. It is implied, then, that the members of these three communions are bound together by some peculiar tie which does not embrace others, and that this tie is of such a nature as to admit of their acting together for an ecclesiastical end. What is this but purely and simply to assert the Anglican theory of a Church which consists of three branches? What is it but to ask Catholics and Greeks to acknowledge, which they have never yet done, the claims of the Anglican Establishment to the character of a divine institution, to recognise her orders, which they have never admitted? Nor, as we have already said, is it easy to see how the object proposed to the Associates as the aim of their prayers can be otherwise understood than as a denial of a part of the Catholic doctrine as to the indefectible unity of the Church. No blame can be attached to the persons who make these proposals for expressing their own belief as to these matters. But they cannot be surprised if Catholics hang

back for the same reason which makes them press forward. Their belief on these points is widely different from that of Anglicans. As Anglicans implicitly assert their belief by joining the Association, Catholics by doing so would, in the same degree, deny their own.

The simple dogmatic reasons which forbid any loyal Catholic from joining an association such as that of which we are speaking will be found clearly and precisely laid down in the Pastoral of the Archbishop of Westminster. We shall not attempt to epitomise what is already as concise and compressed a statement as is compatible with the necessities of the case. The position of the Unionites is in many respects so entirely identical with that of Dr. Pusey, that it was natural that the Archbishop should consider many parts of the *Eirenicon* as setting forth the principles which are condemned in the official Reply of Cardinal Patrizi. Accordingly, the greater part of his Grace's Pastoral has reference to the elaborate work of Dr. Pusey, though that writer is never named, and the places referred to in his book are only indicated by allusions. This portion of the Pastoral begins by an examination of the theory of the "once Undivided Church," on which, of course, Dr. Pusey takes his stand. The Church was infallible once, when she was "undivided;" she is now broken up into three fragments, neither of which is infallible on present questions. Explanations may be given of their decrees and definitions which may make them more perfect, and bring them into harmony one with the other. The great name of Bossuet has been foolishly invoked by Dr. Pusey in behalf of his ideas. The Archbishop shows that Bossuet held the perpetual infallibility of the Church, the divine right of the Roman Pontiff, the infallibility and Œcumenical character of the Council of Trent, and that by the Catholic Church he meant "the whole body of the Churches which are united in communion with the See of Rome." So much for Bossuet. We may add, that the attempt to use his name on the Anglican side has naturally created much surprise and indignation in France. The ablest and most intelligent foreign criticism on the *Eirenicon* which we have seen (that of F. Ramière in the *Revue du Monde Catholique*) speaks in very severe terms on this subject (see that *Revue*, Mars 10). After quoting the condemnation of Du Pin by Bossuet,—who says of him, "enfin, on ne peut rien de tout alleguer en faveur de la tradition de l'Eglise, que notre auteur ne se soit étudié à le detraire,"—and the statement of Du Pin himself, that he acknowledges the primacy of the Pope "as the Greeks do, though they are separated from the Roman Church"—(a declaration which Dr. Pusey quotes, p. 234, and may have had in his mind when he declared lately that Anglicans "acknowledged



the primacy" of the Holy See),—Father Ramière remarks on the attempt made by Dr. Pusey to pass off the opinions of Du Pin as a fair representation of "the mind of the moderate Gallicans of 1719," as follows: "In order that Dr. Pusey might be able to see in this doctrine the expression of the sentiments of the moderate Gallicans of 1719, one of two things is necessary. Either he has never opened the works of Bossuet and the other Gallican doctors of authority, or he has the singular faculty of forgetting, when he is seeking to establish a thesis, that which he knows, and which all the world as well as himself knows, to be in manifest opposition to that thesis" (p. 685). He adds further, that it is perfectly easy to ascertain the opinions of Bossuet, as he was actually engaged in a proposal for pacification, and his letters are extant among his own collected works, and also in those of Leibnitz. "There Dr. Pusey would have found himself in the presence of a serious negotiation, which Rome had authoritatively avowed at its origin, and which would have furnished him with information very far more luminous than the dark intrigues of E. Du Pin. He would have heard the great Bishop of Meaux declaring to Leibnitz and Molanus, that in order to cease from being heretical and obstinate it was not enough to admit the doctrine of the Council of Trent and the official teaching of the Church, but that it was above all necessary to acknowledge with submission her infallible authority, and that nothing is more schismatical than to appeal from that authority—as Dr. Pusey also does—to a new General Council, which might revise the definitions of the Council of Trent." "By that," Bossuet declares, "anarchy is introduced, and every one is able to believe any thing he chooses. It is that in which consists the obstinacy which makes the heretic and heresy: for if, in order not to be obstinate, it were enough to have an air of moderation, fair words, and soft sentiments, no one would ever be able to know who is obstinate and who is not. But if we wish to know 'the obstinate man who is a heretic,' and avoid him, as the Apostle enjoins us, his incommunicable property and his manifest character is this—that he sets up for himself, in his own judgment, a tribunal above which he places nothing on the earth; or, to speak in simple terms, it is that he is attached to his own opinion to such a degree as to render of no use all the decisions of the Church."\* Dr. Pusey, adds the French critic, "would do well to meditate on these words,"—which certainly seem written beforehand for his benefit as well as that of Molanus. He is recommended also to read the whole correspondence, and learn what Bossuet really would say to

\* Bossuet, *Réflexions sur l'écrit de M. l'Abbé Molanus*,—*Œuvres Complètes*, tom. xxv. p. 578.

him. "If before writing," continues Father Ramière, "he had taken the precaution which the most ordinary prudence would have suggested, he would have avoided compromising himself by supporting by the authority of Bossuet a system which Bossuet has attacked with the most triumphant energy; and he would have taken care not to tell us, that in order to put an end to schism he was not asking of us any thing but to accept 'the terms which Bossuet would have sanctioned.'"<sup>\*</sup>

The Archbishop proceeds to refer to the attempt made by Dr. Pusey to distinguish between the decrees of the Council of Trent and their current Catholic interpretations. Dr. Manning states the authority of the "living mind of the Church" as "the true interpretation of the dogma of faith," and distinguishes, so to say, its various degrees. Interpretations which proceed from Pontifical authority are certainly infallible; decisions given and doctrines taught by inferior tribunals and theological schools, uncondemned, publicly known, and in the presence of the supreme authority, may be presumed to be free from all error in faith or morals. With regard to theological and devotional works which the Church has not censured he speaks with careful moderation. They may at least be presumed innocent, though they may not always deserve it. No great mistake ever passes without being detected; but this does not make such teaching authoritative. But then if any one condemns it, as it is tolerated, he by so doing ascribes to himself the supreme discernment which belongs to the Church alone. Such, then, is the position of the self-assumed critic of the "popular system of Catholicism." Dr. Manning does not pause to examine in detail the truth or falsehood of the picture drawn by Dr. Pusey of this system; he deals with that writer simply as to the principle.† The habit of mind in

<sup>\*</sup> See the *Eirenicon*, p. 335.

† We think that no one who has read the comments on the *Eirenicon* in Anglican papers can fail to have been struck with the quiet way in which the correctness of Dr. Pusey's statements about "the Marian system" has been taken for granted. At the same time, it must be remembered that, although abundant proof has been produced of his general inaccuracy, no one has yet taken to pieces his assertions one by one. Dr. Newman has simply stated his disbelief that the authors meant what Dr. Pusey says they meant. That part of the *Eirenicon* which contains the statements to which we refer is mainly made up of citations from four authors: Oswald, De Montfort, Salazar, and Bernardine de Bustis. Of these, Oswald, as Dr. Pusey knows, is on the Index, and he retracted his opinions; Salazar was a laborious divine of the seventeenth century, utterly unknown except to the more erudite of theologians, and with no more influence on the popular mind than some of the most forgotten of the Anglican divines of the same date; Bernardine de Bustis has been canonised by Dr. Pusey on his own authority, that

which Dr. Pusey seems to find it natural to live, expecting the Church to explain and interpret her decrees to his satisfaction and at his request, is characterised as open to three grave charges. It is the very climax and most luxuriant development of private judgment. It leads to proposals already gravely censured by several Pontiffs; and it obscures the true principle of divine faith, "that the enunciation of the Church of this hour is the test and evidence of the original Revelation." The only alternative is private judgment. As to this, the Dissenters are far more consequent and far more modest than Dr. Pusey and those who think with him. If the Church cannot tell us what she herself has always meant, she certainly cannot tell us what Scripture means. The Dissenter interprets Scripture for himself; Dr. Pusey professes to interpret Scripture by the Church, and the Church by—himself. And yet, after all, it is easier for human reason to understand the volume of Scripture by itself than the whole immense series of Fathers, Councils, and Pontiffs.

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he may talk grandly about "the two St. Bernardines," and is also practically quite unknown; and De Montfort's work is only just making its way into notice. Neither, as is well known, has Dr. Pusey quoted these writers fairly, or taken into account the whole of what they say. It must certainly be a very poor qualification to any one to have produced an impression on the public mind on so false a foundation; yet we have not seen any retraction from Dr. Pusey even about Oswald. But his unfairness seems to us to reach its utmost height on the subject of the Immaculate Conception. A very cursory examination of the *Pareri* is enough to convince us of this. Besides the general impression given in his letter that the question at issue was whether the doctrine were true or not, the quotations are often miserably mangled. We shall limit ourselves to a single conspicuous instance out of many that we have marked. Dr. Pusey begins (p. 122) with a passage from the Pope's Encyclical, the object of which, in his pages, seems to be to give the idea that Pius IX. placed his hope in the Blessed Virgin to the exclusion of God and our Lord. It ends thus—we reproduce Dr. Pusey's italics exactly:—"For you know very well, venerable brethren, that the whole of our confidence is placed in the most Holy Virgin, since God [has placed in Mary the fulness of all good, that accordingly we may know that if there is any hope in us, if any grace, if any salvation, it redounds to us from her, because such is His will who hath willed that we should have every thing through Mary.]" Now this passage is taken from the *Pareri*, i. 5, and Dr. Pusey must have had the book before him as he translated it. Why, then, is the reader not told that all the words which we have enclosed in brackets, which constitute the strongest portion of the whole, and some of which Dr. Pusey has italicised, are a simple quotation from St. Bernard (in *Nat. B. Mariæ de Aquæductu*), and printed as such in the book, with the reference at the end? There can be no more mistake about the fact to any one who opens the *Pareri* than there can be about the impression which Dr. Pusey has meant to produce on his readers,—for which it was unfortunately necessary that the latter should know nothing about St. Bernard.

The difficulties of their position have forced the Anglicans to invent a new kind of assistance rendered to the Church by the Holy Ghost—an intermittent, occasional manner of speaking infallibly, as to which no one can know when it is to come, and consequently no one can be bound to acknowledge it when it has been exercised. This new theory enables Dr. Pusey to call the dogma of the Immaculate Conception new, and to find fault with the Pope for having defined it. The Archbishop points out the singular unfairness with which the author of the *Eirenicon* has misstated the whole case as to the doctrine and its definition. And it surely is a matter for grave consideration, that a Prelate of the Catholic Church, in an important document like that on which we are commenting, should feel obliged to complain of so very fundamental a misrepresentation as that made by Dr. Pusey. That writer does not leave us any grounds for doubting that he is perfectly aware that none of the Bishops disbelieved the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. There can be no mistake about this, because in his *Appendix* he admits that all held it undoubtingly. But in the text of his volume he speaks of the doctrine as being “opposed by grave Bishops, even at the last” (p. 177). The Bishops of the present Catholic Church are brought in as witnesses at the end of a list of (supposed) authorities, adduced by Dr. Pusey as against the *doctrine*. There cannot be any question that Archbishop Manning has full ground for saying, of the Bishops, “Some of them indeed doubted, before the event, *whether the time and the moment were come for the definition*. ‘And this has been used to create a rhetorical impression on the minds of those who do not know the facts of the case that they were opposed to the doctrine to be defined.’” We do not think that an ordinary reader of Dr. Pusey’s book would gather any other conclusion from his pages on the subject, unless he happened to light on the explanation which is relegated to the *Appendix*. How does this mode of dealing with matters of fact differ from the artifice of an unscrupulous advocate who leaves out and tries to hide the whole of the case against himself, while he puts in the most prominent light possible all that is in his own favour? Dr. Manning has to expend three or four pages in the barest enumeration of the great and prominent facts of the case on the other side, of which Dr. Pusey must have been as well aware as of those which he has chosen to put forward.

The Archbishop proceeds to allude to another equally strange charge made by Dr. Pusey—as to which, however, it is not very difficult to see that the latter has been misled by great confusion of thought, rather than any thing else. He does not seem in the least to understand the theological language which he uses. He

talks about "new matters of faith," "new doctrines being made of faith," and so on, in happy unconsciousness of the absurdity of his language. He has even gone so far, if we remember rightly, as to talk of a stipulation, to be agreed to by the Catholic authorities, that there are to be no more new matters of faith imposed on him if even he submits to her authority. This language shows as much confusion or ignorance as if he were to declare that he could make up his mind to receive seven Sacraments, provided that some one promised him that by and by there should not be eight or nine. He does not understand that an opinion may become infallibly certain by the authority of the Church at a given time, but that any addition to the articles of faith is an absurdity in terms. He talks of "a continual flow of *inspiration*, which may at any time change popular opinion into infallible truth." "Archbishop Manning," he says (p. 333), "anticipates a new era, in which the Pope should be continually declaring new matters of faith, to be believed, without authority of Scripture or tradition, on his sole authority, or to be supposed to have authority of Scripture solely because he declares them." Elsewhere he specifies the civil principedom of the Roman Pontiff as being made "matter of faith" (pp. 300, 301). This is very childish; for, as the Archbishop says, if by this is meant "a dogma of faith, it is a simple confusion arising from want of common catechetical knowledge. . . . It is hard to acquit such controversialists of a culpable want of knowledge, or of a rashness culpable in accusing" (p. 59). Moreover, the instance given by Dr. Pusey is no doubt selected with distinct reference to the Archbishop, who has written so much on the temporal power. Dr. Pusey, then, must have deliberately ignored the distinct and ample explanations given on the subject by the Archbishop, who four years ago, in order to provide by an excess of caution against all possible misunderstanding, most carefully and clearly explained that the temporal sovereignty of the Pope does not in any way constitute the material object of a "dogma of faith."

We must pass lightly over the concluding portions of Dr. Manning's Letter, closely and accurately reasoned as they are, and full of allusions the purport of which will no doubt be fully appreciated by Dr. Pusey. "To appeal from the Pope to an 'Eighth General Council' (*Eirenicon*, p. 238) 'of Greeks, Anglicans, and Romans, who shall put down Ultramontaniam, restore the Immaculate Conception to the region of pious opinions without foundation in Scripture and antiquity, declare the Pope to be fallible and subject to general councils which may err, reunite Christendom on the basis of the Russian Catechism, the Thirty-nine Articles, and the decrees of

Trent, interpreted not as they were intended, but by the rule of a Catholicism which the Catholic world has never known, elaborated by the criticism or illuminism of uncatholic minds nurtured in an anti-Catholic religion—all this is to us no harbinger of unity, no voice of peace, because *no sign of humility*, no evidence of faith' (p. 661). Certainly it requires nothing more in order to show the true character of the proposals lately made than to state them in naked detail. One other tendency of the Unionist movement the Archbishop notices, and we cannot doubt that it as truly characterises Dr. Pusey's position as that particular development of the principles of some of his disciples which has fallen under the warning censure of Rome. This tendency is to unmistakable indifferentism—to a sacrifice of truth, as comparatively unimportant, when an outward semblance of union may be gained. A strange instance of this was the proposal lately made at the conference between Anglicans and Russians—concerning which Prince Orloff has lately written—to leave all doctrinal matters to be settled hereafter, and to proceed at once to intercommunion by "celebration of the Lord's Supper."

There is, no doubt, at first sight a certain appearance of hardness about any one who receives coldly an overture for reconciliation, and who declines to join in a prayer for peace. It has ever been the lot of the Catholic Church to have her firm adherence to principle and her refusal to compromise truth thrown in her teeth. But the impression will, we are sure, vanish at once from the minds of the great mass of our countrymen when the facts of the case become clearly known. Englishmen understand perfectly well that authority may be indulgent and conceding in every thing but principle, but that it destroys itself when it compromises the right on which it stands and the organic laws of its constitution. We have to deal with a nation that is most likely in the end to condemn Dr. Pusey for not being ready to go further when he can go so far, and for stickling about a little more or a little less of the principle which he is ready to acknowledge. Englishmen who know the Church, even as her enemies know her, never really expect her to surrender her doctrines; if she were to do so, they would instinctively feel that she had abdicated her throne. The very eagerness which the Unionites have displayed in courting sanction from every possible quarter among Catholics, the triumph with which they parade the few incautious names that have been given in to their Association, shows how great an importance they attach to that recognition of their ecclesiastical position which such adhesions more or less imply. They have been for many years certain of the prayers of Catholics for the object which represents itself to them as the reunion of Christendom. They are not ignorant that



prayers have long been made throughout the Catholic world specially for the conversion of England. Their movement, as far as regards us, aims not only at getting us to pray, but also at inducing us to acknowledge their Catholicism by joining them in prayer. To others, it too often presents a dangerous excuse for delaying that individual submission to the Church which their consciences really require. The union they desire is one which shall spare them all submission, sacrifice, acknowledgment of error; which shall recognise their Orders, whitewash their Articles, and provide in some unexplained way for their position as the clergy of an Established Church under the royal supremacy. At least we hear nothing from them of any other interpretation than this of "corporate reunion." The idea of seceding in a body from the Establishment may lurk in the heart of some, but it is not avowed; and if it were so, it would destroy their only claim to be heard. We may fairly then remind them, as the Archbishop has done, how few they are, how utterly unsanctioned, and how widely separated in opinion from the mass of their co-religionists. We do not question their right to existence as a party in the Establishment; that is the business of the Anglicans themselves. We do not question their right to make proposals which involve the concession of all their claims, and assert implicitly the whole of their side of the question between us. Their position forbids them to make any other, and our position equally forbids us to accept these. But those who propose peace take upon themselves voluntarily and deliberately one great duty at least, which can never bring any thing but a blessing on those who discharge it. It is the duty of removing misconceptions, diminishing prejudices, cutting away the mass of false traditions which have so long overgrown the mind of our countrymen with regard to Catholicism. Those who assist in this great work deserve our heartiest thanks and our most grateful prayers. Those who aggravate enmities when they might soften them, and enhance misunderstandings instead of correcting them, cannot expect to be welcomed when they approach us in the garb of heralds of reconciliation, and renounce by their own act all share in the blessings promised to the promoters of peace.

## The Greek Tragedians.

### II.

IN ascertaining many of the laws of the physical universe, inquirers labour under the great difficulty that their field of observation is so limited. Even allowing the great principles taken for granted by inductive philosophy, facts may well be scattered profusely in other planets than our own, which would indefinitely modify the general conclusions we arrive at from phenomena noticed solely on this earth. Much of this same difficulty must be felt by those who would investigate a subject like that now before us. We have only a small selection from works of very ample range; and, judicious probably as this selection is, we can well imagine that our inferences cannot but be precarious when materials have been swallowed up in the ocean of time which exceed many times in quantity all that remain to us. Still, we can but do our best; and we may at least feel certain that the mind of a man may be reasoned upon from a small number of facts with no greater insecurity than attends similar researches in the scheme of nature which surrounds us.

I have said that in the *Prometheus Vinculus* and *Eumenides* the mysticism of the mind of *Æschylus* predominates; in the *Supplices*, *Agamemnon*, and *Choëphoræ*, its moral and religious aspect; whilst in the two remaining plays, his personal and military associations strike us more vividly, though every where religion affords its prevailing colour to his poetry. It is proper here to distinguish between the religious and the mystical tendency, as here understood. Both imply belief and reverence; but in the former the ideas are more or less such as the reason can accept without great difficulty; in the latter they baffle and overwhelm it, inspiring fear, reserve, and secrecy. This contrast obtains even in those realms of the human mind into which faith does not enter. There is nothing in the laws of nature, discovered by a Newton or Laplace, to engender a sense of our own utter feebleness of intellect, or to bring a feeling of painful awe over the soul. The Roman poet, it is true, spoke with a sort of surprise of those who could survey without dread the mighty panorama of the rolling universe:

"Hunc solem et terras et decedentia certis  
Tempora momentis, sunt qui formidine nulla  
Imbuti spectent,"

Hor. *Ep.* I. vi. 3.

But he alluded precisely to those who believed they had ascertained the laws upon which it moves. What is awful to all reflecting minds are those apparently contradictory truths connected with space and time, and origin and end, which evidence the impotence of the proud reason of man. These present the mystical aspect of the philosophy of the human mind; the laws above mentioned would bear analogy to religion. Well, then, when Æschylus viewed a power in the world which brought sure retribution on crime; when he contemplated the great system of warnings by which the conscience not wholly deadened may be stopped from a career of guilt before it be too late, there was nothing that offended his reason, but, on the contrary, he went along with it, a kind of stern joy illuminating his sure path. But when he reflected on the mysterious beings in whom Greek mythology impersonated this law, on the Erinyes, whose office in the universe rested on a destiny which overruled even the ruler of gods and men; when he meditated on the vast primeval events which pre-dated the system of celestial government he believed to be in present operation, he felt that the very grandeur of these events forced his reason to bend to them, and in this submission he felt he was obeying a yet higher and greater law than those which his reason could appreciate. And in these ideas his dark yet beautiful genius delighted. Although there are found in it spaces of the most tranquil repose, of the softest light, even as in the centre of the tempest, or in the savannahs of the forest, what most typified him were the imperfect and shifting rays of the lurid sunset, or the still white gleam of lightning—

"That in a spleen unfolds both heaven and earth,  
And ere a man hath power to say, 'Behold!'  
The jaws of darkness do devour it up."

The Orestean trilogy, and especially the *Eumenides*, exhibits probably the most complete, as it is the latest representation of the mind of Æschylus in both these points of view. The *Prometheus* is less perfect, not only because we do not possess its development, since the remainder of the trilogy, of which it formed a part, is lost, but because it belonged to a much earlier stage of the author's mind. Still, as it takes us over a most interesting field of what may be called the Æschylean theology, and hardly yields even to the *Eumenides* in its singularity and impressiveness, we shall take it first in order of consideration, since, of the plays we have mentioned as peculiarly connected with mysticism and religion, it comes first in order of time. The following is an account of what may be gathered from the *Prometheus* of the legend in which Æschylus embodied his

ideas of certain great mysteries connected with the destinies of the human race, and of the superior powers which controlled them.

The present state of things, by which the supremacy of the universe is in the hands of Zeus, did not exist in the beginning. There has twice been a revolution in heaven; he is but the third occupant of the celestial throne, and his accession is more recent than the formation of man. Before him was Kronos, who was surrounded by the elder race of gods,—children like himself of Heaven, and Earth the universal mother,—and called the Titans. Faction arose among these gods; one party seeking to expel Kronos from the sovereignty, that Zeus might reign in his stead, the other adverse to the rule of Zeus. But, gods though they were, their knowledge was limited; and only one among them, the far-seeing and wise Prometheus, warned by his mother Themis, was aware that victory in this struggle was not to be gained by force, but by craft. He could not convince them of this fated decree, and accordingly, with Themis, placed himself on the side of Zeus, whose adviser he became in the mighty warfare which issued in his triumph. By the advice of Prometheus the conqueror hurled the dethroned king of heaven into the depths of Tartarus. Even more terrible was the fate of Typhon, who, having been on the losing side, was doomed to lie crushed under the roots of *Ætna*, in his convulsive throes vomiting the fiery streams of the volcano; or the punishment of Atlas, who was placed in the regions of the west, to prop up with his shoulders the column on which rests heaven and earth. Unhesitating as was the spirit of Prometheus,—like that of some unscrupulous party-chief in a Hellenic city supporting a successful pretender to the tyranny,—he pitied the Titan race when he beheld these calamities befall it. Soon, however, this merciful disposition brought him into direct collision with the unmerciful and tyrannical lord of the universe. Zeus, newly seated in his dominions, at once proceeded, still under the advice of Prometheus, to mark off to the various gods who thronged his court their functions and offices. The race of mortals, however, an ephemeral offspring of nature, he disdained in this new organisation, and meditated even to sweep them away, and plant a new order of beings to occupy the earth. They were, indeed, a feeble and pitiful brood, incapable of turning to any useful object the senses they possessed, living underground like insects in caves and holes, dreaming through life, which they knew not how to measure by the mighty orbs revolving around them. But the heart of Prometheus yearned over these mournful and neglected stepchildren of the world. Like *Prospero*,—a character of whom Prometheus sometimes slightly reminds us, with the thankless *Caliban*,—he “endowed their purposes with

words that made them known." He pointed out to them the risings and settings of the stars; he gave them the knowledge of numbers and letters, the mighty instrument of memory, the teeming mother of wisdom; he taught them to tame the ox and horse, that these animals might divide with them half their labours, or minister to their luxury; he gave them also ships by which to traverse the ocean, as in their chariots the land. Hitherto, when disease assailed them, they had wasted helplessly away; now they could ward off sickness by all manner of remedies, taught them by their divine benefactor. The future had been to them a blank; now they had imparted to them the power of foreseeing it by dreams, omens, auguries, and sacrificial signs. Prometheus revealed to them, moreover, the hidden treasures of the earth—copper, iron, silver, and gold. He was the author of all the arts by which their life was raised above its former misery; and to crown his good deeds, he instructed them in the use of fire, the universal instrument of the arts, which he stole for them from heaven, its original place, not fearing the jealousy of Hephæstus, the god who ruled over that mighty element.

But this patronage of a despised race naturally called forth the indignation of the stern despot who had thought of annihilating them, and also of the other gods, who, in their serene abodes, had scarce thought mortals of consequence enough even to disdain them. Zeus therefore commissioned two of his trusty ministers, Strength and Force, to seize the offender; and Hephæstus, the god whom he had most directly irritated, to fix him with adamantine nails and bolts to a rock in a wild ravine of Mount Caucasus. Yet the proud victim has an advantage even against his relentless oppressor. There is a power even higher than the lord of heaven—the threefold Fates, whose name is too awful to be more than hinted at by Prometheus; and they have decreed, though not, it seems, irreversibly, if Zeus could receive warning, that a son would be born to him of a certain marriage who was destined to find out lightnings yet mightier than those wielded by his sire, and to overthrow him, even as he had overthrown his father Kronos, whose curse is bringing on him this ruin. Zeus haughtily commands Prometheus to reveal what marriage he is to shun, under threats of hurling him on his rock down to Tartarus, there to be mangled by a vulture till some god would take upon him his pains as a substitute. Prometheus defies him in language yet haughtier than his own, and sinks, amidst earthquakes and tempests, with his rock into the regions below.

In all this we behold the mystical element of the mind of the poet at work. The strangeness and grandeur of the incidents, here

affording a hint of meaning, there baffling the thoughts of man by questions too deep for him, have a fascination to which he willingly yields. And yet the play, as compared with others in the remaining collection, presents considerable difficulty when we endeavour to draw conclusions as to the religious character of Æschylus. He has here exhibited Zeus as a relentless tyrant; elsewhere, as in the *Supplices* and the *Oresteia*, he reverently adores him as the just ruler of the universe,—with fear indeed, but filial rather than servile. In the *Prometheus* we continually meet with epithets applied to Zeus of the most forbidding character,—“harsh,” “severe,” “unswerving,” “unyielding to entreaty,” “implacable,” “stern,”—as newly-made despots always are; whereas in the other plays he rather has the mild yet awful attributes of the legitimate monarch, the *basileús* as contrasted with the *tyrannos*. He is entreated by the suppliant maidens, as the god of newly-arrived strangers, to look down favourably on their coming from the far Nile to the abodes of their distant ancestress. They call him “saviour,” “guardian of the homes of the just and holy.” Even in the midst of black darkness all things are in the blaze of light to his eye. Every thing decreed by him falls out surely. His ways are dark and unspeakable; but the very dread of his power is comforting to the good, because it is against the proud and ambitious that his anger is directed, and whose utter destruction he effects by his remembering mind from his holy seats. He is addressed under the title of “King of kings, most blessed of the blessed, of might most perfect among the perfect.” He assigns things unjust to the vile, but to the righteous things holy,—a remarkable expression, but signifying very intelligibly the great law of retribution which is the most prominent among the ethical ideas of the poet. A famous passage from the first choral ode in the *Agamemnon* affords a very complete illustration of this contrast with the religious feeling which characterises the *Prometheus* on the surface. The following rough version will give the leading features of this passage:

“Who thou art, O Zeus, I know not, nor can tell.  
 Yet by that name I call thee, if it doth please thee well;  
 For power, save Zeus, though searching through the world, I cannot  
     find.  
 To bid me surely fling this burden from my mind.  
 Not he that mighty was of old to me hath aught to say,  
 And even his successor, overthrown, has passed away.  
 Their conqueror they have met with, but whose lifts his voice  
 With hymns of victory to Zeus, shall win his dearest choice,—  
 To Zeus, who marked out wisdom's path for man's benighted  
     eyes,  
 Who made a law that suffering should teach him to be wise.



In sleep and silence memory's pain doth trickle o'er the heart ;  
 And virtue, though against our will, comes of that healing smart.  
 Constraining is the favour, and terrible the love,  
 Of the gods that sit so tranquilly on their awful seats above."

In the same spirit is the affectionate appeal of Orestes to Zeus in the *Choëphoræ*, to befriend his sister and himself, suffering as they are, like the orphan brood of an eagle in the coils of a serpent. He is held forth as the executor of the tardy vengeance due to treachery and crime, which appears in the form of blind folly hurrying the guilty to their doom. Justice is the virgin-daughter of Zeus. In short, his attributes, though tremendous, are still such as operate visibly according to the moral law.

How are we then to reconcile the two pictures, differing as widely as "the counterfeit presentment of two brothers" offered by Hamlet to his mother? Different explanations have been offered of the myth of Prometheus. Lord Bacon has adopted a theory which would refer it to physical views. According to this, the stern and relentless Zeus signifies the precarious and difficult existence Nature affords uncultivated man, the arts which minister to his comfort being, as it were, hidden and hard to come at; Prometheus, the inventive faculty which discovers these arts, but which is necessarily accompanied by uneasiness and anxiety, and the more so the deeper it goes in the investigation of causes. This would explain the sufferings and tortures of Prometheus on his rock. Mr. Keble, whilst admitting that the fable in its origin might have had this reference, expresses his conviction that a more profound and more sacred idea was in the mind of Æschylus himself. After showing, from various passages, that the poet held that the Fates and Erinnyes—powers superior to Zeus himself, of which more presently—were not led by blind necessity, but by a providential reason, he thus accounts for the air of sadness and gloom diffused over the play of the *Prometheus Vincit* :

"It has undoubtedly this meaning, if I am not mistaken: to express to us a mind not uncertain about the divine government, but still extremely disturbed and disquieted because of these things which carry with them a semblance and show of that dire necessity. In short, Æschylus in a manner argued that the world was free, but was tortured and agitated by the fact that in so many parts of it were seen impressed the traces of the chains of destiny. He was at length almost led to the point of imagining the powers of the Supreme Being were separated from each other; so that neither He who was Greatest could justly be called Best, nor He who was Omnipotent was also Omniscient; whence it could not but be that strange disorders and confusion should arise, not only of mortal, but of divine and celestial things. . . . We say, moreover, that the ruin

and fall of man arises, according to Æschylus, principally from this, that the things which especially pertain to the perfection of the Supreme Being are not all of them found in one individual, but that of the number of the gods, one excels in goodness, another in wisdom, another (I mean Jupiter, fresh from his victory) in immense and infinite power only. Accordingly, even in the beginning of the poem, mention is made, as it were, of two factions, to one or other of which each must needs join himself, namely of Jupiter and of men."<sup>\*</sup>

This view of Mr. Keble's is fine and striking. It opens the interesting question, how far the ancient Greeks can be said practically to have believed in one God, distributing as they did to so great an extent, according to their intellectual tendencies to symmetrical order, the divine attributes among different individuals or provinces of heaven. And if this were the case, we can well imagine an overwhelming sense of difficulty oppressing a religious mind at the incongruity which necessarily arose, just as those in our own day who do not thoroughly accept on faith the Unity of God and the great doctrine of His being the Creator of heaven and earth, must be disturbed at the seeming remorselessness of nature, at the severity of those laws by which the elements know no difference between the greatest and the meanest of mankind, but equally destroy those who even by accident contravene them. Still, if I mistake not, this idea is on the whole too modern, and too manifestly characteristic of a mind conversant with the peculiar questions raised in Butler's *Analogy* to be exactly the key by which to unlock the mysteries of Æschylus.

In the severity of Zeus to Prometheus there is nothing to shock Greek feelings, if we recollect, as Haupt has ingeniously observed, that the morality of ancient Greece permitted cruel vengeance to be exacted from an enemy, and that Prometheus stood in that relation to Zeus.<sup>†</sup> In the *Iliad*, when Menelaus in the battle-field is inclined to spare the suppliant Adrastus, Agamemnon reproves his inclination to mercy, reminds his brother of what he had suffered at the hands of the Trojans, and says that none of them, not even the child in its mother's womb, should be allowed to escape the sword. Let them all, he urges, perish out of Ilium, unlamented and out of sight; "offering a reasonable remonstrance," remarks the poet.<sup>‡</sup> We see that the extremity of vengeance by no means disgraced the chivalrous character in Homer's eyes, and we need not suppose that it was inconsistent with the ideas of goodness which prevailed centu-

<sup>\*</sup> Keble's *Prælectiones Academicæ*, vol. i. pp. 322, 324.

<sup>†</sup> Haupt, *Æschylearum Quæstionum Specimen Primum*, p. 80.

<sup>‡</sup> Hom. *Iliad*. vi. 62.

ries after his time. The great prominence also which is given in the *Prometheus* to certain physical notions, especially those connected with the invention of the use of fire, can hardly be evaded. The fable seems to bear much of its explanation on the surface; and to me at least Lord Bacon's explanation, stated, however, somewhat differently, appears the best. It is perhaps a feeling natural in every age, as it is a feeling founded on a just sense of man's imperfection, to receive discoveries immensely increasing his control over nature with a strange hesitation and fear. Steam-navigation, railways, telegraphic communication, have all in their turn called forth this sense of the possible increase of man's presumption as he becomes more and more independent of the forces that surround him. I might quote in illustration from the choral compositions both of *Æschylus* and *Sophocles* some deep and beautiful strains, which show that Greek civilisation was no stranger to this thought. But I prefer to explain what I mean by quoting (from memory) lines in which Father Newman, in early days, has imitated the very passages I allude to:

"Man is permitted much  
To scan and learn  
Of nature's frame;  
Till he well-nigh can tame  
Brute mischiefs, and can turn  
All warring ills to purposes of good.  
But o'er the elements  
One Hand alone hath sway."

*Lyra Apostolica.*

Now there was surely a time when the use of fire was as great a wonder, as marvellous an invention, as that of steam was recently; there was a time when the simple use of letters seemed as great a triumph of human ingenuity as the telegraph does still; when one medicine after another, drawn forth by patient search and the happiest skill from the hidden stores of nature, was an invention not less remarkable than that of vaccination—the last of those belonging to the healing art which exhibits the features of almost primitive originality. We cannot doubt but that thoughtful minds were impressed by the sense of the seeming independence which these early successes of human ingenuity afforded mankind. The thought would arise, why lift up hands to Heaven to avert evils which our own resources can control? Hence the development of the arts as typified by *Prometheus* looked like a rebellion against the gods. This idea probably lay at the foundation of the whole fable of *Prometheus*; but we need not endeavour rigorously to apply it to every detail in which imagination might allow itself full range.

The primeval struggle between the elder and younger races which occupied the thrones of heaven appears to me to have oppressed the mind of Æschylus more than any obscure feeling of a conflict between opposite attributes. The idea of this struggle necessarily arose from the physico-theological theories of the early Greek intellect, which accounted for the existence of the universe, not by creation so much as by a series of developments expressed as successive generations of divine beings. But as one generation of men displaces another, it seemed only natural to suppose that the same law was followed in the genealogies of the gods. It may also easily have been the case that the elemental worship of the simpler Pelasgic tribes was superseded by the more personal worship of later cultivation, and that this change suggested, or was highly in keeping with, the idea of a succession in which later gods supplanted the earlier. However this may be, Æschylus loved to recur to those mysterious epochs in the abyss of ages, when forms more awful than the objects of the every-day homage of Hellenic temples swayed the universe. The latter seemed almost the creatures of man, familiar and, so to speak, vulgar, as things of recent origin are. The former were inscrutable in their causes, and overpowering to the imagination even in their eclipse. Moreover, in this class of primeval deities were included certain powers of a dreaded sort, distinct from those identical with the physical forces of the world, and which, from inmost recesses of the universe, controlled all things in the final issue. These powers, as they never appear in companionship with the others, cannot be said to have been dethroned in any celestial revolution, but retain their terrible activity throughout. These are the Fates, the Erinnyes, the impersonations of laws which Zeus himself must obey, or of the great corrective energy, by which evil-doing is surely visited in the long-run by punishment. The name *ἐριννῖς*, in its original signification, is thus strikingly interpreted by Müller (*Eumenides*, p. 186): "It is the feeling of *deep offence*, of *bitter displeasure*, when sacred rights belonging to us are impiously violated by persons who ought most to have respected them." The Erinnyes would especially avenge wrongs done to the father, mother, or elder brother, or insolence offered to the lowly suppliant, or even the beggar, from those to whose charity his need gives him a claim. Parricide, or, on the other hand, the neglect of the duty of avenging blood, would call forth an Erinnyes. Müller goes on to say: "The sensible manifestation of the Erinnyes is *Ἄρα*: the long-suppressed feeling of deep offence bursts forth in sudden imprecations, frequently on apparently slight provocation." These deities were represented as the daughters of Night; black, grim goddesses, chasing the guilty, as it were his embodied con-

science, from land to land, and singing over him their binding song, as they chain him in their pitiless fetters. Not theirs the bright light of Phoebus; not theirs the snow-white robes that gleamed in the festive procession.

We see, therefore, in the Erinnyes another phase of that struggle between elder and younger deities, and one even more violent, because Zeus had triumphed over his father, and reigned an undisputed lord. But the Erinnyes lasted always, an awful shadow from which the gods of Olympus shrank as the living shrink from the breath of the charnel-house. And yet the Erinnyes were indispensable, because justice must govern all things, and justice demands satisfaction when wrong has been done. Innocent blood cried for vengeance, and the Erinnyes were its ministers. Greek mythology seemed to have set itself a problem which it was unable to unravel. How Æschylus dealt with the former part of it—that, namely, between Prometheus and Zeus—cannot be precisely known, in consequence of the loss of the two plays which completed the Promethean trilogy. The great agent of the suffering god's release was Hercules, the descendant of Io, and son of Zeus. Now as Io, through her father Inachus, son of Oceanus, was closely connected with the elder race of the gods, she furnishes a point of contact between Zeus and his victim, which, as Haupt again has suggested, shows that her appearance in the extant play is no mere episode, but the very hinge upon which it turns.

More attractive, however, to us is the remarkable hint preserved by Apollodorus (quoted by Mr. Keble, *Prel.* xix. p. 335), from which it appears that, in the *Prometheus Unbound*, Chiron, having been severely wounded by Hercules, voluntarily accepted his death as the ransom of Prometheus, and thus fulfilled the conditions whereon Zeus had promised his pardon, which was that an immortal should voluntarily die for him. Among the vague guesses or faint traditions to be found in pagan records bearing on revealed truth, this is one of the most interesting. And another trace of the ideas upon which the winding-up of the trilogy was constructed is highly curious and beautiful also, namely, that Prometheus was still fated to be bound, but his fetters were at last exchanged for a crown of olive binding his brows; as though suffering, when its work was completed, vanished off into triumph, yet still left a sort of painless token of its former presence.

The play of the *Eumenides* makes us deeply regret the loss of the *Prometheus Unbound*, since in the former we see with what grace and tenderness the poet has brought out the gentler aspect of the stern Erinnyes, and enables us to imagine what must have been the

beauty of his management of the still subtler myth which was disentangled in the latter. In the *Eumenides* he had to deal with the mercy by which the judgment passed upon deeds of violence and wrong should always be qualified, and to combine the rights of conscience, unforgiving if left utterly to itself, with that equity which takes all the circumstances into consideration which can mitigate offended justice. Athena, as the impersonation of Wisdom, unimpassioned and self-possessed, appeases the awful deities of vengeance till they gradually change their fierce anger into the most benignant friendliness, release the now-purified Orestes, no longer frenzied, and heap blessings upon those who had harboured him, so as now to merit the milder name of Eumenides (the favourable goddesses), originally given them out of fear. Wonderful a conception as this is, it must be admitted that religiously it is a failure (as how could it be otherwise?), since the favour of the Erinnyes is mainly secured by a sort of flattery on the part of the goddess, who makes all kinds of promises for her people of the homage they shall render to their stern visitors; and we rather obtain the impression that the Erinnyes have been bribed to sacrifice the great ethical necessity which they represent. But the whole fable at least shows how powerfully the Greeks felt that punishment was required by the divine laws to follow crime, and yet that somehow or somewhere there ought to be a means of gaining pardon without disappointing justice.



## De Profundis.

(Sequel.)



A VISIT from my good friend Father Laurence M——, as hard-working a priest as is to be found in England or Ireland either, has revealed to me the fact that some remarks made by me in the last Number of *The Month* were thought not quite fair by his worthy patron, Sir Phelim O'Toole. I was almost afraid that the latter was gravely offended at the expressions used about the dressiness of his good lady: but Father M—— assures me that all that part of the Article was passed over, as only evincing a certain not very wonderful ignorance as to the mysteries of female attire, too amusing to be seriously resented. "Muslins and ribbons, indeed!" said Father M——; "my good sir, do you take her ladyship for a tradesman's cook?" I humbly apologised for my unintentional error, and then informed the good father of what he was happy to hear, that His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster had sanctioned the reprinting of the Article in question, and had, in very weighty words of his own, commended the facts on which it dwells to the attention of the faithful. Father Laurence cordially congratulated me; "But I should very much like to know," said he, "what really *can* be done for the cause of these poor orphans for whom you plead. I am sure that if you *can* suggest any thing, Sir Phelim will do his best. You know there is the Reform Bill, and the Oaths Bill, and we expect a discussion on the Irish Church, and the University question; and then you seem to live in happy ignorance of the work that Members of Parliament have to get through in attending on Committees, and so on. It is not very easy, especially for private members, to find an opening for any attempt that is likely to be successful, and the poor-law system is a mighty power to attack; and sometimes these efforts of theirs have made matters worse than they were before. Now I really should like to hear you tell me what *can* be done."

I shall answer the question thus addressed to me—which, as it came from so sensible a man as Father M——, may probably have occurred to the minds of other sensible men—in my present Article. First, however, let me disclaim altogether any thought of wounding susceptibilities, which it would be as unwise in me to irritate as it

would certainly be against my intention. But if, without venturing to blame, it is allowable to feel a little impatience for more active exertion on the part of all the Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland to redress a flagrant, long-continued, and ever-increasing oppression, the needless infliction of unspeakable misery, and the cause of ruin to multitudes of souls, it is natural, and I hope not disrespectful, to turn our anxious eyes in the first place to influential Irishmen; both because their attachment to the Faith is their greatest dignity, and because the victims of the oppression in question are mostly Irish children and Irish parents.

But to return to the main point, and to the chief reason for occupying more room in *The Month*. First, as I certainly hoped that I had quite sufficiently suggested in the Article, the very manner of putting the question shows that those who put it do not adequately feel the enormity of the grievance. If the Penal Laws were still in force, and were even occasionally set in action upon ourselves, should we content ourselves with saying, "It is a grievous shame, but what can we do?" Yet we must all acknowledge that no amount of personal insult to ourselves would be any thing like so great an evil, or would justify and demand as much indignation, as the forcible training of one Catholic child in heresy. If a law were proposed by which it would be permitted to drown all Catholic children not maintained by their own relations, how should we feel about it? Yet every Catholic believes that the destruction of the bodily life of a child would be unspeakably less of a crime, less of a grievance, than the corruption of his soul. Dying parents, whose faith is strong, would feel far less pain at leaving their children to be summarily made away with than at leaving them, as thousands now do, to be reared in unbelief.

The first thing to be done is to make ourselves feel. No injustice was ever remedied until some besides the victims of it began to feel it keenly. Two classes of persons, as I suggested, are bound by their very profession of principles to take an interest in the matter, to study it, and attend to it, till they do feel. All professed philanthropists and men of liberal sentiments, even though to themselves it might be a matter of little importance in what religious belief their children were educated, are bound in consistency to feel for those to whom the compulsory education of their children in opposition to their own faith is a heavy affliction and a grievous injustice, and to aid in making such an oppression no longer legal. Several Protestant papers, I am glad to be told, have acknowledged that if the alleged facts are true, the system ought to be altered, and only try to weaken the admission by accusing Catholics of intoler-

ance, or by hinting that there is probably exaggeration in the statements. It is obvious to reply that, on their principles, they ought not to persecute, whether Catholics have persecuted or not, and still more, that it is unjust to break the hearts of numbers of Catholics, who have never had the inclination or the opportunity to injure others, on the ground that other Catholics, in other ages and in other countries, have been guilty of intolerance. If all the fables in *Foxe's Book of Martyrs* were historically true, how would that justify the execution of any individual Patrick or Bridget of the present day for the supposed crimes of Bonner? And, however strange the fact may seem to our liberal friends, to numbers of actual Patricks and Bridgets the apostasy of their children is a heavier penalty than death.

As to exaggeration, let them, if they will, make their own abatement on that score: they will not deny, however, that there are large numbers of Irish in London and in most of our great cities; that the majority of them are very poor; that for the most part they marry early and have numerous families; that the employments in which very many of them are engaged bring on diseases of the heart and lungs; and that consequently, in the common order of things, a large proportion of the boys and girls in such schools as those at Hanwell and Forest-Gate must be the orphan children of Irish parents. The very excess of contempt with which those who preside over these schools treat all applications on our part prevents our answering the demand for more exact statistics. In defiance of rules to the contrary, they either keep no registers, or enter the names of Irish children indiscriminately as Protestants, and refuse to Catholic clergymen, and to all whom they suspect of being likely to give trouble, both access to the children and inspection of the registers. A magistrate, using his authority to inspect the register of one of the London workhouses, selected thirty-five Irish names, all entered as Protestants, from amongst many others, and asked to see the children. Every one proved to be the child of Catholic parents, and was acknowledged by the master to be so. The master of the school at Highgate, in which children of Catholic parents were known to be, told the priest who made inquiries that he kept no register, but received all alike as Protestants, and educated them as Protestants. Father Laing was told at Cuckoo Farm, at Hanwell, where there are supposed to be three hundred Irish girls, and nearly as many boys; and where he went with full proof of the religion of two young boys, and a demand from the mother that they should be educated in it,—that “no priest should ever set foot in that establishment.” In schools like that at Kirkdale, where registers are kept and some

permission given to instruct the Catholics separately, their number nearly equals that of the Protestants. I would put it, then, to any honest mind, whether, out of the nine millions of paupers receiving relief in England and Wales, there must not be at least several thousands of Catholic children; and I would ask any compassionate heart to feel for the torture inflicted on the parents of each one, and on very many others who are trembling at the prospect for their own little ones when they are gone, and on all those of the children themselves who are old enough to have imbibed one set of religious ideas, and are forced by hard usage to do violence to them and pretend to adopt others.

Much more are all who profess to adhere heartily to the Catholic faith bound to feel strongly the enormity of this system of proselytising. They cannot say, "Am I my brother's keeper?" They would rather themselves die than deny any article of the Faith: they can sympathise with starving mothers, who, with children crying for food, abstain from asking for it, because they can only prolong their bodily lives by handing over their children's souls to be corrupted. Can they, then, put away from them as a distasteful topic the declaration of those who have investigated the matter, that under the sanction of laws against which they do not cry out, and by the expenditure of money which they share in contributing, thousands of innocent children—children, as themselves, of the Catholic Church, of Jesus and Mary, are absolutely deprived of all Catholic teaching, and constantly forced to join in heretical rites—and to learn and repeat blasphemies? If any doubt about the facts, it is not hard to learn them. The "Third Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Poor Relief, Ireland, 1861," containing evidence laid before it by the Westminster Clerical Committee, is easily procured through any bookseller, and will furnish an abundance of well-authenticated facts which are but specimens selected from a much greater number. If Catholics in general could be brought to feel the outrage done to their faith, and the cruel injustice done to these little ones and their parents, I do not believe that a single session of Parliament would pass without relief. A really good cause and a considerable body of men keenly alive to its paramount importance can never fail. The poor-law guardian interest no doubt presents a strong mass of solid and stolid bigotry, and the Exeter-Hall interest can make abundance of noise. But what are they both compared to the opposition that was confronted and overcome by the advocates of the repeal of the Corn-laws, by the originators of the Anti-Slavery movement, and by the great champion of Catholic emancipation? What would be our position now, if Daniel O'Connell's cry of "Agitate"

had been answered with, "What can we do?" Only feel, and you must do something. We talk about what we feel strongly, and by talking we get others to feel—

Facit indignatio versus

Qualescunque potest, quales ego, vel Lady O'Toole.

Even my poor Article has led to the deliverance of one victim, and the comforting of one desolate mother. Kind readers were led to offer to contribute to Patrick's maintenance, and an able lawyer, the chief contributor, to effect his rescue; and he is already in a Catholic orphanage. Some might write, some might lecture and preach, all who felt would talk. My own early recollections are full of the ridicule and abuse heaped on Wilberforce and the small band who worked with him, and of the steady determination with which they went on talking and writing. Surely the effort to bring the positive provisions of the poor-law into harmony with its spirit, and to make its enactments in behalf of liberty of conscience incapable of evasion, in spite of Exeter Hall and Marylebone, is not more gigantic or less hopeful than undertaking to free the negroes in opposition to the then immensely powerful West-Indian interest, at the cost of twenty millions of public money and of the probable ruin of several of our colonies. The oppression of which we complain touches us far more nearly, and ought to be felt far more intensely. Loss of faith is a far greater evil than earthly servitude. The victims are English and Irish children. The scene of their oppression is at our doors. We have already ten times the sympathy that the Anti-Slavery Association had on first starting, and are less bitterly opposed than its members were. But we must be in earnest, as they were. They had a good cause, and were enthusiastic in promoting it; and so, after many defeats, they triumphed over much greater difficulties than ours. They were ready to sacrifice to what seemed to them a more important end even great political questions and personal predilections; and so ought we. The first time I gazed on the Liberator's noble countenance and massive form, it was on the platform in Exeter Hall, where he was determined to introduce the Irish question into the midst of Anti-Slavery harangues. Those beside me sympathised with him and with his cause, but they deemed their own object more important, and, at the risk of offending a friend, they extinguished him by a process that was found successful a few years ago in suppressing an enthusiastic missionary who persisted in beginning his sermon at the appointed hour, in spite of the continued quaverings of some *prima donna* in the organ-loft. The stops of the great organ were suddenly drawn out, and its burst of sound was too much even for O'Connell's

register to compete with. I am not, of course, endorsing their judgment, but pointing to their consistency and concentration of purpose as an example. If we really believe what, as Catholics, we are bound and profess to believe, we must acknowledge that no secular aim, however high, and no political question, of whatever importance, ought to interfere for a moment with the determination to stop the wholesale perversion of our children. With all respect to Sir Phelim and other politicians like him, and without the least disparagement of the objects in which they are interested, I cannot help suggesting that in the Catechism which they learned when young, and in certain questions for self-examination which the approach of Easter is perhaps causing them to study with more attention than usual, they might learn principles about the preponderance of the interests of the soul over those of the body, the guilt of oppressing the orphan and widow, and the participation by connivance in the sin of others, which would make them feel that it would be better that Belgrave Square should remain a century without railway communication, and even that eloquent speeches about tenant-right should never be delivered, than that innocent children should be forced into unbelief, and we look on in silence.

I think, then, that there is much to be done in the way of spreading information and awakening and increasing interest, in which all might join. Why should not we have Catholic Anti-Slavery or Orphan Emancipation Societies? Why should a few over-worked priests be left to toil alone, as if such a grievance as this affected the clergy only, and ought not to make every Catholic's heart burn with grief and indignation? Is it to the clergy, and not to each one of us, that very solemn and decisive words will be one day spoken about what we have done or not done to our Judge by doing or not doing it to His little ones? It is just the notion that this is a clerical question which gives audacity to Middlesex magistrates and London workhouse officials in their contemptuous disregard of all permissive legislation in favour of justice, and indisposes government from interfering in our behalf. Much is to be done by getting up petitions and urging Catholic members to speak upon them. Why should not every Catholic mother in Great Britain and Ireland join in a cry to the legislature against the oppression of children whose faith is as precious to their mothers as that of her own to her? Why should not every ratepayer protest against the employment of poor-rates and county-rates for the purpose of proselytising? Why should not every Catholic who has a vote make it clearly understood that he will never give it to any candidate, however united to himself in



political views, who does not support "the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill" for prohibiting, under effectual penalties, the interference between any young child and the clergyman of his own faith, willing to instruct him in any workhouse, workhouse-school, reformatory, or industrial school, supported wholly or in part by poor-rates or county-rates? Much might be done by any one who, for the love of our Lord and of souls dear to Him, would undertake the duties of a guardian himself, or would qualify himself for the magistrature, and use the power that it bestows.

Moreover, all who have the means of giving might do well to reflect how needful money is for the rescue of these poor orphans, how much can be done with it, and how immensely the urgency of this call for self-denial and liberality predominates over most others. In old days saints sold even the sacred vessels and the altar-hangings to ransom Christian captives. These captives are in far greater spiritual danger than those who were in the hands of the Turks, and are more systematically forced to apostatise. We must, of course, open churches and defray the expenses of Divine service, even while the captives are enslaved; but surely it were better that a church should remain without additional decoration than that an orphan who could be trained to piety should be dropped into the pandemonium of a workhouse-school? While fashionable ladies are saying, "What can I do?" not only all the victims already secured are left in bondage, but fresh victims are laid hold of at the rate of at least two thousand a-year. Though but few can be got out of workhouses or delivered from perversion in them until the law is altered, the Catholic training of others is merely an affair of money. A sum of twelve pounds a-year for three or four years would often make the whole difference between youthful piety and confirmed unbelief. The "Immaculate-Conception Charity," established in almost every London Mission, has rescued hundreds, who must else have been consigned to workhouse-schools: why not thousands? Suppose a fine lady were to make a vow not to go to the Opera until the Catholic captives are set free, and meantime were to maintain adopted orphans with the price of her box; and suppose her husband were to withdraw from his clubs, and do the same with his subscriptions to them,—would either of them regret it at the hour of death?

Again, when the law is altered, it is very likely that the result will be that what was made permissive two years ago, but, as usual, derided by poor-law guardians, will be carried into effect, and our children will be offered us to educate, with the weekly expenses of their maintenance, but on condition of providing suitable schools to

receive them. Of course even this would be very unjust; for as the whole expense of the fabric of all the workhouse-schools is charged on the rates, we have a right to demand house-room as well as maintenance for our children; and the obvious plan would be to assign one or two of the present schools to Catholic children, as Parkhurst and Fulham were assigned to Catholic convicts. Still, if we could get no better terms, we ought to be ready with room; and a large sum of money would be wanted for this.

With regard to children from reformatory and industrial schools, it is absolutely necessary to be provided with more accommodation, because the Government acts alike with Protestants and Catholics in their case. The building is prepared at the expense of the "religious persuasion," according to the usual phrase; the magistrate commits to the school of the child's persuasion only if there is a school approved by a Government Inspector ready to receive him. The only injustice at present, besides the monstrous anomaly of the Feltham School, where a special act has overriden other law, consists in the neglect of committing magistrates to ascertain the child's religion when no one is in attendance to establish it, and in the grant of sums of money by unscrupulous boards out of county-rates to Protestant schools, while it is refused to Catholic. Anyhow, as our reformatories are all nearly full, and we probably could not even shelter the hundred victims from Feltham if the Middlesex magistrates were shamed or forced into disgorging their prey, there is an urgent demand for money to provide additional room. It is thought that the cheapest plan would be to fit up a hulk on the Thames, in accordance with what has been eminently successful in Liverpool; and the two or three who are always ready for every good work have promised several hundred pounds towards the expense. Would that all were like-minded! the cry of broken-hearted mothers weeping for children far worse than dead would soon be hushed. Would that the rich gave in proportion to the poor, and that the shillings sent lately by poorly-clad Lancashire factory-girls, on reading the tale of workhouse oppression in the *Lamp*, towards keeping orphans from the same fate, had been accompanied by corresponding bank-notes from those who could have equally well afforded them!

It hardly falls under my province to hint at the duty of praying as well as talking, working, and giving. I allude to it only lest I should be thought to overlook the necessity and importance of it. But let us remember the rule of St. Ignatius, to pray as earnestly as if we could do nothing else, and to work as hard as if all depended on exertion rather than prayer, and we shall not long wait for success.

## Literary Notices.

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### A FRENCH VIEW OF ENGLISH COUNTRY LIFE.\*

OUR neighbours across the Channel have lately given much attention to the study of English institutions and manners, and many of their ablest writers have speculated on their peculiar character. The good feeling and intelligence with which these books have been written has been remarkable; and it would be a great gain if our travellers, either in Europe or in America, could be said to equal the French writers on England in these respects. It is most amusing, of course, to see how the everyday life, in which we move so unconsciously and unreflectingly, strikes an entire stranger of habits so widely different from ours, and to hear the interpretations that are sometimes put upon the most trivial matters. Amusement is not, of course, the only advantage to be gained from this kind of literature; but the picture has often seemed so absurd to us, that we have been unable or unwilling to look for more than the occasion of a hearty laugh. But as there is much truth in many an intended jest, so these unintentional caricatures may very often teach us something new about ourselves. At all events, a pleasant picture drawn by a friendly hand, though it may not go very deep into the philosophy of our national existence, must always be welcome, and frequently suggestive.

Such a picture is certainly that drawn of *Village Life in England* by M. Charles de Remusat. It professes to be an account of the author's residence in this country during the time of his exile, occasioned by the political changes in France which placed the present Emperor on his throne. We are unable to reveal to the inquisitive whether M. de Remusat is really telling his own story in what may be called the "plot" of this little volume; for the hero falls in love with one of the daughters in the English family with whom he becomes intimate, and the book ends in the orthodox fashion, quite as if it were a novel. There is also a cleverly-drawn group of characters: an old English lady of rank; a country gentleman and his family; a country clergyman to match; a young Puseyite incumbent, who also falls a victim to the attractions of another young lady; and the village

\* *La Vie de Village en Angleterre, ou Souvenirs d'un Exilé.* Par l'Auteur de la Vie de Channing. Paris: Didier.

is peopled with a fair number of the sort of folk requisite to give the ordinary amount of annoyance to a young clergyman of "orthodox views," who wishes to abolish pews, restore his church, and introduce a moderate amount of ritual. There is an Evangelical lady who criticises every thing, and a rampant Dissenter to give trouble to the sensitive young pastor at the vestry-meetings. Then, again, the narrative gives occasion for the introduction of descriptions of most of the "peculiar institutions" of English country life—charity-clubs, clothing-clubs, mutual-assistance clubs, haymaking rejoicings, Sunday-schools, children's tea-drinkings; and room is found for visits to the workhouse, for an account of the "Hants and Wilts Educational Society" (some also of the London charities are described); and, finally, as if to show that nothing is too high or too difficult for his literary ambition, M. de Remusat tries his hand at a cricket-match and a fox-chase. As to the latter of these two arduous subjects, however, he contents himself, as far as details are concerned, with a picturesque sketch of the meet. As to the former, we are afraid that we must say that he describes a grand match between two clubs as if it were a single-wicket game; but his account is quite as intelligible as that given by our great living novelist in *Pickwick*. Perhaps, as our French neighbours have won the Derby and Leger with the same horse, we may have them taking to rival us in cricket. M. de Remusat makes the good country clergyman (*not* the Puseyite) declare *qu'il n'y a rien qui moralise les hommes comme le cricket*; and indulges in reflections on his way home from the match, which are a good specimen of the general style of his volume. "It is curious to see how far England, even in her popular sports, is always to be found with the same principal traits of character conspicuous,—energy, discipline in action, perseverance, union of one class with another, and, above all, that collective pride which inspires and sustains them throughout; so that one may truly say that there is no country in the world where there is more distinction of ranks, and where, nevertheless, individuals have more occasion to meet and mingle with each other. It is remarkable also that this people, ordinarily so cold, so restrained, has yet contrived to such an extent to multiply the occasions for feasts and joyous meetings; while in France—whose temperament is naturally so given to enjoyment—almost all those festivals which used to bring our ancestors together, and which throw so great a charm over life, have disappeared one after the other. Individual, solitary, and egotistical enjoyments have with us every where, even in our villages, taken the place of pleasures shared in common with all; and this perhaps to the great prejudice of the social bond, and certainly of the general happiness" (p. 278).

Whether the work before us be a simple transcript from the author's journal in England or not, no fault can be found with the accuracy of the general picture by it. There is nothing at all that a French gentleman, who happened to light on his legs in such favourable circumstances as are here supposed, might not have seen in a Hampshire village. At the same time it must be confessed that the circumstances *are* favourable. Moreover, if there be any foundation in fact for what we have called the "plot" of the narrative, it is clear that the author had good reason for looking at every thing that he saw under a somewhat rose-coloured aspect. "Lynmore" is a specially favoured village, with its great lady to care for all its wants, and so good a specimen of the English country family to help her as that which inhabited "the Lodge;" and if we add to this the fairy influence of the young ladies who play the organ, teach in the Sunday-school, distribute books, preside over the women's and children's clubs, get up lending-libraries and lectures, visit the sick, comfort the afflicted, and finally bestow their hands,—one on the young incumbent, the other on the fortunate French exile who has been admitted so kindly to the family circle,—surely all this is enough to make up a celestial state of things not only exceptional, even in this happy country, but also very likely to influence powerfully the judgment of the most philosophic of politicians in its favour.

At the same time it is clear that M. de Remusat has been able to give an unusually intelligent account of our country-life system, and to point out the true principle on which its order and happiness rest. We have preserved far more than the continental nations the love for country life, and the out-door sports and amusements by which its monotony is varied. No one willingly spends more than a part of his time in town; and while we are in town we are dreaming of the country; and the manly pursuits and healthy sports which are happily so popular among our higher classes have no doubt a great influence in keeping up the vigour of the national character. These, moreover, to a certain extent, force an intercourse between class and class; and the farmer may outstrip his landlord in the hunting-field, and the young squire may be bowled out at cricket by a village lad unless he knows well how to handle his bat. The influence of the resident gentry, when it is exercised in the manner described by M. de Remusat—as it is in the great majority of cases—may be called by the demagogue a relic of feudalism; but it is feudalism in its best form, and the country would be miserable without it. That part of our system which places the magisterial power in the hands of the landowners and other gentry seems, not unnaturally, very anomalous to a foreigner, especially when it is considered, as M. de

Remusat has remarked, to what an extent the power thus given them is exercised, and how it is usually supported by superior courts. Yet it is probably one of the very corner-stones of the system; and the power of the magistracy, as is proved by the unfrequency of complaints against it, is perhaps one of the last things of the kind which a wise statesman would think of discarding. But the benefits gained by our dislike of centralisation—of which this is an instance—depend very exclusively on the character of the class of men to whom so much local power is intrusted. It may be true that the inmates of workhouses and prisons are very often the gainers from the personal liberality and tolerant views which are more sure to be found among men of education and station than any others; but their case becomes indefinitely miserable when they fall under the mercies of small farmers and close-fisted tradesmen. Local government and local administration are by far the best, as they are the most congenial to our national character, when an enlightened, liberal, and public-spirited class of men can be found to undertake the burden. Unfortunately, in our great towns, but preëminently in London, the gentry and the higher classes generally have nothing practically to do with their poorer neighbours, and do not trouble themselves about matters of administration, which they would be ashamed to neglect in their own counties. Hence it is that London is so miserably preëminent in the misery of its poor, as in the wealth of its rich inhabitants, and that London workhouses are more cruelly managed, as it would seem, than any others in the country. And those who have had experience in these matters tell us that when it is a question of procuring proper spiritual assistance to Catholic paupers or prisoners, or of saving Catholic orphans from being forcibly brought up as Protestants, the cause of justice and humanity has far less chance in London than in any other part of England. Magistrates in Lambeth or Westminster will venture on excesses of bigotry that would not be tolerated in Lancashire or Staffordshire.

M. de Remusat himself admits that the English system fails sadly in London. He speaks, however, with enthusiasm of some of the benevolent works to which the last few years have given birth—the Ragged Schools, the Shoeblack Brigade, and the Association for the Blind established by Miss Gilbert. We can hardly tell whether he echoes the sanguine hopes of his clergyman friend and guide, that in half-a-century London will be entirely transformed by the operation of such influences. We should be glad to be able to feel that there was any prospect of such a result. It is well, therefore, to acknowledge the defects as well as the advantages of the manner in which the system in which our national character is reflected operates



on the various kinds and degrees of misery and indigence among us. It is a great thing to have a still healthy aristocratical influence in the country, and a race of gentry who recognise the duties and responsibilities of their social position with regard to their humbler neighbours. It is a great thing to have the different classes of the community so frequently brought into friendly and close contact one with another, and to have the rich occupied in working for the poor, and the poor continually attached to those above them by fresh ties of gratitude and affection. It is well to have our young gentlemen and ladies brought up to healthy country life, full of useful and rational occupation, instead of lounging away their existence in clubs and gaming-houses, or knowing no less poisonous excitements than those of the Opera and the ballroom. But there are some forms of social misery which require more cogent and more costly remedies to heal them than the benevolence described so pleasantly by M. de Remusat, and which can be dealt with only by the powerful action of religion and the heroic devotion of Christian charity.

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#### "LA CARITA" AT NAPLES.

ITALY has at all times the very greatest claims on the interest and sympathy of the Catholic world; but at the present moment these claims are more than usually strong. No one who knows the country can doubt that the great majority of the people are firmly attached to their religion, and intensely hostile at heart to the revolutionary influences which an active and daring set of adventurers have made predominant, and which press so tyrannically upon all that is good and noble in the nation. But Italians have never been educated to public action; and it may take many years before they learn to help and defend themselves, and to assert courageously the rights of the Church and the family in the many ways familiar to the citizens of free governments. The Catholic party in the Parliament is as yet insignificant; and although the press has never altogether fallen into the hands of the Revolution, it has not perhaps been yet sufficiently used on the side of religion and morality. We welcome, therefore, every attempt in this direction with great interest, and we should be ready to criticise with great indulgence any publication emanating from the Catholic side, if such indulgence were required. As it is, the Neapolitan review, which bears the title of *La Carità*, rises above the average of such publications, and would at any time command great respect.

There is, however, another *Carità* at Naples, which is perhaps a still brighter sign of wholesome life in the reaction against licentious-

ness and immorality of every kind, and against the tyranny of influences hostile to religion. Of this *Carità* the Review of which we have spoken seems to be an offshoot. The original *Carità* is nothing more or less than a pious congregation of men and women, bound together by no ties but those of a common devotion and a common aim, who meet from time to time in a little church outside the town at *Tondo di Capodimonte* for prayer and religious exercises, and who support by their personal work and contributions some very interesting institutions of charity. The founder of this *congrega* is a Franciscan friar, Ludovico da Casoria, well known and highly esteemed in Naples for his fervour and zeal. One of his great devotions is for the conversion of Africa. We mentioned in our last Number the zeal with which the late illustrious German historian, Hurter, had exerted himself in his later years for this object, in promoting the success of a society formed for the purpose in Vienna. It appears that German missionaries, as indeed might have been expected, are usually unable to bear the effects of the climate in Central Africa. Fra Ludovico has for many years had the design of sending negro missionaries to labour for the benefit of their own fellow-countrymen; and for this purpose he has collected a number of children in Africa, who are brought up under the care of his religious brethren at Naples. There is thus a little college of negroes, the support of which is one of the cares of the *Congrega di Carità*; and Fra Ludovico has not limited his charity to boys of the unfortunate race for which he feels so much Christian sympathy. Altogether, boys and girls, he has a family of about one hundred and fifty blacks. Then there is a large community of simple beggar-children; the sort of children who would be running about our streets crying for bread, till they were consigned to some prison or reformatory by the magistrates, or left to starve, or brought up to the worst of trades. These are the *Accattoncelli*, of whom also the *Congrega* takes care. Some of them are deaf and dumb; others orphans; others, though they have parents living, would be in the greatest misery but for the provision thus made for them. Up to the age of twelve they live in a *convitto*, and are sent to school; after that age they are employed in workshops, the orphans alone being still boarded and lodged. They are taught various trades—among others, to bind books and to print; and the Review now before us, well and even handsomely printed and got up, is a specimen of their proficiency in this latter art. Altogether nearly a thousand children and young persons are thus provided for and instructed; and some religious women, *le Stimmatine*, from Tuscany, as well as an association of pious ladies, who call themselves after St. Elisabeth, have devoted themselves to the task of instructing

those of their own sex. Fra Ludovico is the founder of these good works, which seem to have been in existence long before the Congrega. He has to supply them with funds, drawn mainly from charity, and is a kind of living law and rule to them. The Congrega has come in greatly to his assistance, partly by alms, partly by employment of the children, partly by taking charge of individuals among them and placing them in educational institutions. Besides this, it has already established a hospital for poor sick children, and is now contemplating the provision of an asylum for the class of poor girls, multiplied very much since the change of government in Naples, who would be the objects of the charitable care of the Nuns of the Good Shepherd among ourselves. Moreover, several worthy and learned priests—conspicuous among whom is Father Alfonso Capecelatro, of the Oratory—who interest themselves in the Congrega and its development, have started the Monthly Review which bears the same name, and which is, as we have said, printed by the Accattoncelli. It has been in existence since last October, and has already contained many articles of great value in defence of religion and the rights of the Church.

Fra Ludovico himself has just returned from Africa, having successfully conducted to Schellal, on the extreme confines of Upper Egypt, the first batch of the black missionaries whom he has so long been training. It consisted of three—one already a priest, the other two lay friars. The account of his journey from Naples to Rome, from Rome to Florence, from Florence to Vienna, and thence by Trieste to Alexandria and up the Nile, and of his return home, is given in successive numbers of the *Carità*. He started without a coin in his pocket, and never touched money himself the whole time. Providence never failed him; and he came down the Nile from Schellal in the boat of Prince Hohenzollern, who happened to land in the immediate neighbourhood to inspect some ruins on the very day when the new missionaries were installed in their abode there. Altogether we cannot help regarding Fra Ludovico and his work at Naples as a refreshing sign among the many miseries under which that beautiful city is now labouring; and we heartily wish success to Father Capecelatro and his colleagues in their literary enterprise. Not the least of the misfortunes of Italy at the present moment is the corrupt and irreligious tendency of the press; and the labours of those who endeavour to counteract the evil by meeting it on its own ground are certainly not the least meritorious of all the services that the persecuted Church now asks at the hands of her devoted children.

## LIFE OF BEATO ANGELICO DA FIESOLE.\*

M. CARTIER, in giving his *Life of Fra Angelico* to the public, has not only made an interesting and instructive contribution to the literature of the day, but has at the same time done a real and very opportune service to the cause of art. At a time when, in the midst of great activity of mind and a marvellous multiplication of means, the true traditions of art have been abandoned for individual caprice or sordid and meretricious aims, till taste, wearied by its licentious indulgence and stung with remorse, is feeling back like a penitent for the laws it has violated and the image it has disfigured, a biography of the saintly painter of Fiesole comes to us like a new manifestation of some divine law. M. Cartier possesses erudition and gifts adequate to the task he has undertaken. He has found in this country an interpreter who, if he has not succeeded in avoiding some of the faults from which a translator is rarely free, has been faithful to his text and devoted to his object.

The name of Fra Beato Angelico is one dear to every student of Christian art, and his works will ever mark the apogee of religious painting. Beauty, which, as Plato says, is the "splendour of the true," and which is an irradiation of the Divine nature reflected in material forms, may be, and generally is, the sole end of the artist; but, while it is so, the artist substitutes a *means* for an *end*, and assumes an attitude analogous to that of the philosopher who rests in second causes, or the Pantheist in religion. So long as he seeks merely to imitate and idealise the beauties of nature, his own caprice becomes the law of his art, the pleasure experienced by the senses its standard of merit, his genius will be enfeebled by isolation, and progress will be made only in that downward tendency which terminates in decay. When a painter becomes a saint, art, in his person, is carried back to its legitimate order and office; a type which is eternal and divine moulds and impregnates his genius, which becomes prolific by his faithful and loving adherence to that type. As God and revealed truth are the highest objects upon which the human intellect can be exercised, art can only be said to have reached its highest dignity and fittest application when it uses beauty simply as a means of expression, when it retains the good as its end, and truth as its guiding and controlling principle. Then it is that the human artist is associated with the Supreme Artist in the glorious liberty of absolute conformity to His eternal laws, and mani-

\* *Life of Beato Angelico da Fiesole, of the Order of Friar-Preachers.* Translated, by a Member of the same Order, from the French of E. Cartier. London: John Philp, Orchard Street, Portman Square, 1865.

feasts to men the invisible things of God by the things that are made.

M. Cartier introduces his subject by an able essay on the philosophy of Christian Art, well worth the attention of those who wish to become possessed of its first principles. The materials of the biography are chiefly drawn from the works of the artist-saint; for we happily possess the dates of many of these, as well as the knowledge of the places at which they were painted. From his associates and friends also, whose names have passed into the public annals of his times, and from contemporary history, facts have been gathered concerning him; but, after all, we know too little of the personal history of the man and the incidents of his life. Fra Beato Angelico was born in the year 1387, at Vicchio, a village in the Appenines, in the province of Mugello in Tuscany, only a few miles distant from Vespignano, the birthplace of Giotto, the chief representative and master of another and earlier phase of Italian painting. Though in easy if not affluent circumstances, his piety led him early in life to enter the cloister. In the year 1402 he entered the Order of St. Dominic, and was received by Beato Giovanni Domenici, then superior of the convent of that order at Fiesole, where he made his novitiate and passed the first years of his religious life. In the year 1408, owing to the political disturbances caused by the rival factions of Florence, the Dominican family were forced to remove from Fiesole to Foligno; and here his talent, which had received its first impressions from the school of Florence, was fostered by the study of the masterpieces of the elder painters which enrich the shrine of St. Francis at Assisi. The grand church of St. Francis had then become a museum of art, in which the great masters of the day came to offer their noblest productions on the tomb of the saint. Here the genius of Beato Angelico reached its maturity. History does not tell us who was his first master, though some mention Gherardo Starnino, some Pietro Cavallini. Miniature and the illumination of manuscripts appear to have been his first occupation and real school. But it is certain that, though conversant with their works, he formed himself independently of the artistic movement of the schools of Florence. Local influences exercise great power on the intellectual growth of an artist; and here, in the midst of the works of the great masters of the school of Giotto, Pietro Cavallini, Taddeo Gaddi, Giotto, Buffalmacco, and above all Simone Memmi,—the grace and character of whose style may be traced in Fra Angelico, while he surpasses his teacher,—the spirit of the young painter was fed by the pure atmosphere and calm though varied landscapes of Umbria, which the school of Perugino have rendered on canvas, and which served the

muse of Milton to paint his Paradise. From Foligno Fra Beato was moved to Cortona, where several of his works remain to us; and from thence, the political horizon being now more clear, he returned with his community in the year 1418 to his convent at Fiesole. At this epoch he was occupied in decorating the churches, convents, and public institutions of Florence, only a few miles distant from Fiesole; and when in 1436 Pope Eugenius IV., in conjunction with Cosimo de Medici, granted the convent of San Marco in Florence to the Dominican Order, he took up his abode there, and painted on its walls the frescoes which remain to this day. In the year 1445 Fra Beato was called to Rome by Pope Eugenius IV. to decorate the chapels of the Vatican, where he became the intimate friend both of this Pope and his successor Nicolas V. Such was the reverence with which his virtues inspired the Pope, that not only did he offer him the archbishopric of Florence, which fell vacant at that time, but, on his declining it, he accepted his suggestion in nominating his friend and brother in religion St. Antoninus to that see. In 1447 he was summoned to Orvieto, where the decoration of the Duomo, that great gem of Christian art, was in progress, and where his work may still be studied. From thence he returned once more to Rome, where, on the 18th of March 1455, he died, in his sixty-eighth year; and his remains were entombed under the simple stone which marks his resting-place in the church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva.

The real life of such a painter is written in his works, for a complete and artistic account of which we refer our readers to the lucid pages of M. Cartier.

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#### FATHER FABER'S NOTES FOR THE MYSTERIES AND FESTIVALS.\*

BESIDES the large number of readers both at home and abroad who have learnt to set a high value on every thing that Father Faber wrote, he had, as it were, an inner circle of admirers, and we may almost say disciples, in those who frequented the beautiful and thoroughly popular services at the church of the Oratory at Brompton. Famous as he was as a preacher, it was seldom that he was to be heard except in his own church; and it was there that he preached so many of those series of sermons which he afterwards worked up

\* *Notes on Doctrinal and Spiritual Subjects.* By the late F. W. Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. Vol. I. "Mysteries and Festivals." London, 1866.



into the books which made his name so widely known. He does not appear to have written his sermons; but they were carefully prepared in his own mind, and the notes or "skeletons" from which he preached have survived him. These form the greater part of what are now published as his *Notes on Doctrinal and Spiritual Subjects*. At first sight they appear scanty and jejune, especially if the memory of the reader is able to recall the flowing and graceful eloquence of Father Faber in the pulpit, where the only difficulty felt was that of the redundancy of matter. But we think that those who heard his sermons will be very thankful to the Oratorian Fathers for these scanty notes, which appear to give, at all events, the outline and argument of the sermons founded on them. Their memory will be able to fill up the outline in great measure. It is very interesting to see how carefully so copious and so seemingly inexhaustible a preacher prepared the matter for his discourses; and the arrangement of the volume will greatly enhance its value. The sermons are grouped according to their subjects, the order followed being as nearly as possible that which was selected by the author in the arrangement of his Oratory hymns. The dates at which they were preached are also usually added.

Besides the sermon-notes, the editors found among Father Faber's papers others which seem also to have been used for sermons; but which were, beyond that, the germs of at least two volumes of the long series which he had projected. One set of these treats of the Holy Ghost; the other would have grown into a long and elaborate treatise on the Passion, entitled "Calvary." We may easily gather that these two volumes would have been among the most popular of all his works. The only part which seems to have been written out at any length is the opening of the work on Calvary. There is also in another part of the volume an almost complete sermon on St. Thomas of Canterbury, preached at the opening of the Church at Fulham.

A volume like this can hardly expect to be popular, except among those who treasure highly even the least complete remains of a much-loved teacher. But it is in reality very valuable to any one who will give himself the pains to use it as a text-book of suggestions, either for meditation or preaching. Another volume is to follow, which is to contain the remainder of the notes, with a life of Father Faber by Father Bowden. We sincerely hope that this last part of the work may be made as copious as possible. Father Faber was a character eminently deserving of a full and detailed biography.

## The Windeck Family.

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### LELIO'S STORY.

NEXT morning Judith denied herself to all visitors, and sent for Lelio. He was a little, dark, vivacious Italian, with flashing Roman eyes, and the most thoroughly national *disinvoltura*—the word is simply untranslatable. She gave him her hand kindly.

"Well, Signor Lelio, have you risen from the dead?"

"Ecco! that is exactly what I have done."

"Have you really been dangerously ill?"

Lelio's "O!" implied that the danger was beyond his powers of description.

"But, Lelio, you must not confine yourself to shrugs and sighs; I want to hear your adventures. You know what interest I take in you."

"Thanks, signora, I do. I only fear two things."

"And what are they?"

"That I shall have a difficulty in expressing myself, and you in understanding me."

"That is a serious difficulty," said Judith good-humouredly; "but come, begin; we must do our best."

"Dear signora, do you remember Petrarch's complaint: '*Non te conosce il mondo, mentre te ha!*' and he was only speaking of a mortal woman."

"But you do not mean to say that you have met with an immortal one?"

He went on.

"Six weeks ago, in Venice, where you had an engagement at the Fenice, I asked you for a month's holiday, that I might keep an appointment with some political associates in Switzerland, and afterwards go to Ratisbon to study the Gregorian Chant, which is done there to perfection. Well, signora, somehow I did not feel the old enthusiasm for the aims and projects of my political friends, and I took to a walking tour in the Forest Cantons. One day, coming down the Righi, I fell in with a crowd of travellers, men and women, —some with bundles on their backs, many with their rosary-beads in their hands, many guiding their steps with a staff,—all going in one direction. Sometimes these parties were large, sometimes small. They said their litanies and rosaries as they went, and often knelt before the crucifixes, which are so numerous there that they seem to grow. To the question I put as to their destination, they all replied

'To Einsiedeln; to the Angels' Consecration.' Yes, I thought; here is a scene out of the farce which the Catholic Church is always playing. In due time I reached Einsiedeln. The grand monastery rises before you, backed by dark fir-covered mountains. There is a broad space in front, separating it from the houses of the hamlet; and in the centre stands an image of our Lady, with a fountain at its foot. All round are little unpretending shops for crucifixes, medals, rosaries, and such objects of piety. Do you follow me, signora?"

Judith nodded, with a quiet smile and a slight shrug of her shoulders, and Lelio went on; but with a manner so suddenly serious, that her face involuntarily became serious too.

"Thirteen hundred years ago lived a young man named Benedict, whose heart was on fire with a love which is incomprehensible to the world,—the love of God, of the Incarnate, suffering, crucified God. He was young and noble; but for the love of Him who came from heaven to the stable-cave of Bethlehem, he hid his youth and his expectations in a lonely cavern. His only Love led a suffering life, and Benedict would do the same. That is the law of love,—to share all with the loved one, to be like him, to be with him. It is a necessity of the heart which all feel: which is shadowed forth in the lovely Grecian legend of Castor and Pollux. Pollux was the son of a god, Castor of a mortal; and as Castor had to die, and go to Orcus like other mortals, his friend, the immortal, would go there alternately with his beloved brother, that he, in exchange, might have his share of the joys of Olympus. That is true love; the Greeks imagined it; Christ practised it; only, as He was God, He did it for *all*; and Benedict would be like Him in this too. He knew that the happiness of man lies in the true knowledge of God; so he gathered round him a band of kindred spirits, and the first lesson he taught them was to conquer their carnal nature by self-denial, prayer, and labour; the second was to do good to their neighbours. And God accepted great services from these scholars of Benedict. All the civilisation which Europe has it owes to them. From Italy they went northwards; they lifted up the pure ideal of Christianity in the midst of the rotten Roman civilisation, which was just covered with a whitewash of religion; and they kindled, as on a beacon-tower, the light which was to be a safety-signal for all who were tossing in the storms of the times. They preached Christ to the wild Gaulish and Germanic tribes. Farther still they went, into the Scandinavian forests, among rough strange men, who hated, persecuted, martyred them; but they persevered; and after giving them eternal life, they made the life of this world easier to them. They were woodcutters, labourers, artisans, as well as apostles; and so forests were cleared, fields cultivated, marshes drained, and vineyards planted. So, in time, savage hordes were changed into Christian communities, and villages and towns arose. It was the work of centuries; but Benedict's scholars were a patient race, for they laboured not to reap the fruits of their work, but to set God's work going among men: '*pertransivit benefaciendo.*' The wilder and

fiercer the times, the more zealous were these men. They gave a mother's care to the tender child; they were the teachers of the young, the guardians of learning; for all that was not spent on the poor, the sick, the pilgrim, went to form vast libraries of manuscripts; and a great part of the work of these humble and laborious men was the collecting, completing, and transcribing of these. They did not desire the paltry honour of seeing their names on these manuscripts; they only desired the glory of God and the good of their brethren. And what they were then they are now."

"But who are they,—these men of mighty deeds and humble hearts?" cried Judith.

"Benedictine monks, signora. And all this is the preface to my story. Einsiedeln is a Benedictine abbey; and the good monks, instead of clearing out the woods and draining the marshes, now pour light into men's souls, and draw them out of the slough of sin. Now for the story of the place. In the ninth century Meinrad, the son of a Swabian count, came there to lead a hermit's life, taking nothing from his home but a little image of the Mother of God. He was very severe to himself, and very tender to all who came to him for help and comfort. But bad men did not like saints any better in the ninth century than they do in the nineteenth; and some of these, to whom Meinrad had given shelter, murdered him. The legend says that two ravens, the saint's companions in his solitude, followed the murderers with wild screams wherever they went; and so they were seized in an inn at Zurich, which is still called the 'Three Ravens.' So Meinrad's cell became a place of pilgrimage; and in course of time a rich and pious man named Everhard bought the land, built the monastery, and became the first abbot. When the church was finished, Conrad, the Bishop of Constance, came to consecrate it solemnly, and he passed the night before in prayer and vigils. Suddenly he heard a wonderfully sweet sound of singing, which seemed to come from the church. He hastened thither; the sweet voices grew louder and clearer: then he opened the door; a flood of light filled the church, and in it he saw forms which our dim sin-darkened eyes cannot discern. The altar was blazing with light, and on it stood the Mother of God; and there, in pontifical vestments, our Lord Himself was offering the holy Sacrifice. The four Evangelists assisted; St. Peter held the crosier, St. Gregory the mitre; St. Ambrose offered the wine, and St. Augustine the incense; St. Stephen read the Epistle, and St. Laurence the Gospel; while the office of Consecration was sung by the Archangel Michael, with all the heavenly host bearing palm-branches and thuribles."

"That is very beautiful, Lelio. It is like a picture by Fra Angelico. Well—"

"Next morning Conrad told what he had seen, and refused to consecrate; but he was looked upon as a pious visionary, and he was forced to yield. The function began, when a voice, heard by all and known to none, cried out, 'Stop! It is consecrated.' So runs the tradition; and it is certain that God has given great graces and

granted many prayers to the pilgrims to our Lady of Einsiedeln. They flock thither in vast numbers on the anniversary of the miracle, which is called the 'Angels' Consecration.' The evening before this day I reached Einsiedeln. It was a strange sight: pilgrims from every Catholic canton—from Bavaria, Swabia, and the Oberland; from Alsace and Tyrol. All sorts of voices were speaking Italian, French, and German, and there were faces and costumes of every sort. They were all quiet and orderly, and filled with the same idea. What was it? Not a carnival, nor a race, nor the opening of a railway, nor the entrance of a royal personage. They simply came—to pray. Signora, I confess that I was struck, especially as certain patriotic fêtes came to my mind which took place six or eight years ago in Rome. The comparison was *not* in their favour. But I did not choose to be impressed, so I went about with my hands in my pockets and a cigar in my mouth, and stared at the people. At last I went into the church: it was crowded, but perfectly still and quiet. Numbers were kneeling in the Lady Chapel, for there stands the little ancient image which belonged to St. Meinrad, and the altar over which it stands is the one where Bishop Conrad saw the vision. Well, I went lounging about the broad nave and looking into the side-chapels. A solitary woman knelt in one of them. I noticed her because something in her figure reminded me of my mother: she was about her age, too; but she had the remains of such striking beauty that I felt quite angry to see such a noble-looking creature going through the stupid process of saying her rosary. I stood before the altar and stared at her."

"More shame for you!" interrupted Judith. "How could you tell what great sorrow her prayer might console her in?"

"But, signora, we, the apostles of enlightenment, must try to dispel such darkness. I summoned up all my audacity, and said in Italian, 'Why, you are a perfect Magdalen!' She lifted two large soft, sorrowful eyes, and answered, with a smile of indescribable gentleness, 'Not in my penitence, figlio mio. Will you say a Hail Mary for me?' Judith, I felt something like Don Giovanni when the statue of the Commendatore speaks, only I was as much ashamed as startled. How I got out of the church I do not know. I felt as if all eyes were upon me."

"I am glad of it," said Judith; "you deserved any punishment."

Lelio continued: "I reëntered the church during Vespers; afterwards the lights were put out; there only remained the sanctuary lamp and the one before our Lady's image. The pilgrims were clustered round the confessionals; all was peace and stillness; the only sound was the quiet movements of the people coming and going. Suddenly a sound was heard, at first a whisper like the breeze in the branches; then it rose, and swelled and deepened, till it was like the roll of the sea—unmelodious, yet full of a supernatural harmony. It rose from all parts of the vast church—from benches, chapels, altar-steps; it rose and fell, and rose again—a torrent, a very tempest of prayer from the hearts and lips of ten thousand pilgrims.

They prayed, each in his own way—weeping, sighing, rejoicing, imploring; in supplication, in thanksgiving, in peace, in anguish: now it was a Pater, now an Ave, now a Miserere, now a De Profundis, now a Salve Regina, now a Te Deum; and some prayed with tears, some with sighs and broken words. It was a mingling of all human sorrows and pains and wants, of struggles and temptations, of love and hope; it was the voice of humanity turning for refuge with unutterable longing to the uncreated Heart of God. And I, too, longed to join them, but I would not be overcome; besides, one cannot pray if one does not believe. Then I remembered that woman, and her soft ‘Figlio mio, will you say a Hail Mary for me?’ So I made a compromise with myself, and settled that I would do so, as she had asked me and I had been so insolent to her. Thus I half-satisfied my longing, half-satisfied my honour. Then I left the church. But I could not rest all night; and when, at three o’clock, the bells began ringing, I sprang up and hurried to the church. The first Mass was at four, and Holy Communion was given to thousands. Later in the day a strange idea possessed me: I went into the sacristy, and asked leave to play the organ. I said I was a musician from Rome, and indeed it had been my parents’ wish that I should study church-music, only I got drawn in another direction by so-called friends; but the organ continued my favourite instrument, and this one *was* magnificent. I was alone. Through the windows the clear September sky looked down on me. As I sat down, those wonderful voices of prayer were in my soul, and I called forth from the organ, tones that told the same tale of pain, and longing, and passionate supplication, till at last, without my knowing it, they all floated, as it were, into Pergolesi’s divine ‘Stabat Mater.’ Do you remember singing it, signora, in Holy Week, at Paris? It was in the chapel of the Filles de Sion, and you sang it—generous as you always are—for the object of the order, the conversion of the Jews. I accompanied you. Since then I had never thought of it; but now it was as if the Cross rose out of the mass of human sorrow, and all earthly cries of pain were silent before the mighty silent anguish of that sword-pierced heart at its foot.

“I played on; I revelled in these heavenly harmonies; through them I wove a thread of my own fancies. Now the anguish of the earth, now the despair of hell wailed forth, but ever and anon floated in the stream of heavenly sweetness, and that divine ‘Stabat’ glided like a calm silver-white swan over the heaving sea of confusion and pain, and there rose the Cross high and gleaming over the broken heart of the Mother of Sorrows. At last a lay brother came to tell me I must not stay longer, as the procession would begin as soon as it was dark. I hurried out of the church, intending to get among the mountains out of the way of this tedious procession; but I saw preparations for illuminating, and it made me think of that delight of my childhood, the illumination of St. Peter’s; so I stayed. The darker it grew, the denser became the crowd; and as I am rather short, I mentally reviled the tall sons of the Alps among whom I was wedged. Now the organ pealed out, all the altars were



lighted, and with solemn chant and clashing bells the procession moved forward. First came a double row of priests and monks, each holding a candle, and then the Abbot bearing the Blessed Sacrament under a canopy, round which clouds of incense floated. At the moment of his appearing outside the church, a huge cross of light flamed over the porch, and torches were kindled at regular intervals round the square. On came the procession; and as the waves of the Red Sea parted when the children of Israel passed through, so these human waves rolled back on each side, and all fell on their knees when the little bells and the incense-clouds came near, rising again when their God had passed by. I did not kneel, of course, but stood with folded arms, and my eyeglass up, and my hat on my head, while all around, beside, and opposite me fell on their knees. My hat went off, though!—a grave, dark-eyed Tyrolese took it quietly off, with the manner of a father showing his little boy what is right and proper. I snatched it angrily from his great sinewy hand, and pushed my way to the other side of the square, where an altar had been erected which gleamed like a meteor through the darkness. It was covered by a canopy supported on pillars, and ornamented with brilliant little lamps looking like strings of diamonds. Flowers were there in profusion; and a picture formed the background, representing St. John's vision of the Woman crowned with stars, and with the moon at her feet. Towards this altar the moving line of light came on. It was all very striking; I could not help feeling that: the dark world sprinkled here and there with groups of light, the gleaming Cross above, the torches and the altar in the foreground, the vast living mass quiet, silent, and serious, and in the background the mountains rising in their majesty black against the sky. Then the swell of the organ, the song of the choir, the pealing of the bells, mingled with the wind blowing from the glaciers, which went sighing through the trees, and waved the boughs of the pines like banners. The Abbot had reached the altar now, and those wondrous Eucharistic hymns began, which were written by saints, and perhaps are sung by angels. Then he lifted high the golden house where the Eternal God is veiled beneath the Sacred Host, held it so for some moments, and then slowly made the sign of the Cross with it over the prostrate multitude. Then no prayer, no hymn, no organ was heard, only the thunder of the cannons and the clear chorale of the bells. Every head was bent to the ground; for not the priest of God, but God Himself, was blessing His people. And I—I stood while the Abbot raised the monstrance, while the cannons thundered, and the crowd fell on their knees, and the Abböt made the two first movements. Then he turned it to my side, and I prepared to look at it coldly and steadily; then—I cannot tell—I only know that I fell on my knees, that my soul was in heaven, that I lay in the dust—adoring!"

"What was it, Lelio?" cried Judith in eager excitement.

"Signora, it was the grace of God!"

"I do not understand you," she said coldly.

Lelio smiled: "Did I not say that you would not?"

"But go on with your story."

"Signora, it is finished. I stayed at Einsiedeln, examined my conscience, and now I am come to carry out my resolutions."

"I suppose you found out your *inconnue*?"

"O no; when I get to heaven I shall know her again. Now I must do what I have to do."

"And what is that?" asked Judith eagerly.

"Something very simple: I am going back to my parents to ask their pardon for the years of sorrow I have caused them, and to try to be a good son."

"What, Lelio, will you leave me?" she said sadly.

"'Stabat Mater,' dear Judith. My poor mother, too, is standing weeping by her cross. What would a resolution be worth that only lasted for a moment of excitement? I must start for Rome this very day. I shall see you there in the winter; and I have no doubt I shall easily find some one there for you in my place."

"Well, Lelio, will you pray for me?" And she held out her hand.

He pressed it warmly, saying: "I will; and I will get better prayers for you than mine."

"Well, then, pray that I may succeed in becoming Countess Windeck."

He flung her hand away, as if a serpent had stung him, and cried: "Do you not know that he is married?"

"Yes, but not happily; and unhappy marriages are dissolved often enough."

"Judith, only death can dissolve the marriage of a Catholic. Do not venture on what you are contemplating, Judith. You must not."

"Well, *au revoir* in Rome! God speed you, dear Lelio! I shall spend a few weeks in Genoa or Nice, and then go to Rome. *A rivederla*."

## CHAPTER XVII.

### CORONA'S MARRIED LIFE.

IN a bright pleasant morning-room in Schloss Stamberg sat its mistress, Corona Windeck, with her little daughter Felicitas—a sorrowful woman and a happy child. Every thing about the room was both elegant and home-like: a perfect gallery of family-portraits covered the walls; her writing-table was in one window, in the other her embroidery-frame and two large baskets full of bright-coloured wools and silks. A child's table heaped with playthings, and the floor strewn with them, showed that Corona's boudoir was her child's playroom.

She seemed preparing to answer a letter which she held in her hand; it was dated from Geneva, and ran thus:

"I am thinking of going with some friends to Genoa for a little bathing, which will alter our plans a little, dear Corona. I shall not be able to return for you; which is, indeed, not necessary, as your father will be with you. I daresay I shall be in Rome by the end of November. Your best plan will be to go straight to Windeck, and

start from there when and as you like; only write first to Hyacinth to take rooms in the Piazza di Spagna or Via Condotti. I daresay your father will arrange about money-matters; the less you spend the better, as my expenses are enormous. I have bought two splendid riding-horses, which I shall take to Rome. Do not take a servant with you; your father's will be sufficient during the journey, and mine in Rome. Adieu, dear child. Let them know in the stables that Pallas must not be exercised more than a half-an-hour a day; and give Felicitas a kiss for me.—Your OREST."

So wrote the husband and father: he was the same Orest as ever. His one idea of life had always been to enjoy it to the full; and the consequence was that he was always *ennuyé* and wearied. His only guide was the impulse or the whim of the hour. At one time Corona's sweetness had so far touched his heart, that he married with the good resolution to see Judith no more; but soon after, travelling with Corona in the Bernese Oberland, he met Judith, and the bride of three weeks at once began the life of neglect which was to be her portion. She was too inexperienced and too innocent to understand why it was. She had married Orest without a spark of love, because it was her father's wish, and, she thought, the will of God. If ever her young heart had known a dream of love, it was not for Orest. But she married him with the firmest resolve to feel for him all that a Christian wife should. He made it very difficult for her: he did not in the least understand the sensitive delicacy, the childlike purity of her heart. His way of speaking and acting, his views of life were a constant cause of suffering to her. But she suffered in silence; it was very seldom that she made the faintest remonstrance; and when she did, it was so humbly and submissively, that Orest only grew more domineering and despotic; for his selfish egotism always made him more like a master than a husband. A quiet but very decided manner might have influenced him perhaps, as Regina's sometimes used to do; but this decision, which, with all her gentleness, was the foundation of Regina's character, was utterly wanting in Corona. She had obeyed her father; leant on her sister as on a wise and tender mother—she hardly remembered her real mother;—but she loved to hear from the Baroness and Regina how she had never opposed or argued with her husband, and how she had completely won him at last by her yielding gentle ways. She was always before Corona's mind as a model of modest retiring virtue; and it was in the effort to imitate her that the deep piety which had always lain folded in her soul opened into the fulness of beauty and bloom.

Poor Corona soon saw how much she needed help in the life that lay before her: no earthly help would avail, and indeed there was none for her. Her father had made up his mind that Orest and Corona must be happy; and the dutiful loving girl thought how he had been disappointed by Regina, Uriel, and Hyacinth, and resolved that, as far as she could prevent it, he should have no trouble through her. And so she set herself to the heroic work of a saint, —to be happy in a supernatural way.

One of Orest's most trying peculiarities was that he was always dull except in times of actual excitement. Military discipline had, while it lasted, been the saving of him: he was obliged to do certain duties; and the punctual fulfilment of the most commonplace duty brings a measure of contentment with it. But all this was over now, and Orest, unhappily for him, was able to do just as he pleased. He had exactly three occupations at Stamberg—hunting, riding, and reading. The hunting-season was his happiest time: then he could follow his sport from morning to evening; and when he came home, he was so tired that he went to sleep. Then as to the second occupation,—I mean by riding, breaking-in horses: he understood it thoroughly; and the more unmanageable the horse was, the more intense was his delight in "bringing the animal to his senses," as he said. As soon as this was accomplished, his pleasure was over. Orest's reading was, perhaps, not the most improving of his pursuits: he would lie at full length on a low broad divan, smoking a Turkish narghileh, and reading the worst French novels by the dozen. As may be supposed, these studies did not tend to increase his domestic tastes. Then he grew cross, wearied of the books, and wanted his wife to amuse him. She had all the will in the world to do so; but poor Corona was not "fast" enough for Orest. "As a child there was plenty of life and fun in you," he would say; "but somehow or other you have turned out thoroughly commonplace." By way of enlarging her views of life, he brought her some of his favourite books as a present. She read the names of the authors, shut the books, and said: "A thousand thanks for your kind thought; but I cannot read these books. Uncle Levin spoke to me of their authors, and said their works were against faith and morals."

"Uncle Levin! What a baby you are! An old man is likely to have different ideas on the subject from a young woman."

"Different, but more just ones, dear Orest."

"Corona, I do not want you to go on vegetating in this way. There! I have put them in your bookcase; some day or other you will peep into one of them, and then no fear of your not going on. Look, how nicely they are bound—dark-blue morocco! they are quite an ornament to your room."

There the books remained. Orest looked from time to time to see if they were in their place; and from time to time he asked her if she had read any of them. Once when he had received the usual "No," he said angrily, "Well, then, I will read one to you." The book snapped together in his hands; it was only the cover, all the leaves were cut out.

"They are all the same," she said gently: "you gave them to me, you know, so I had a right to do it; I kept the binding because you liked it so much."

"You might have given them back to me, at least."

"No, dear Orest, I will never give away a bad book; I would burn them all, if I could."

"Quite a speech *à la* Regina!" he said mockingly.

Sometimes he tormented her from morning to night. She dressed

like an old woman; she sang tamely; her Italian accent was deplorable; and if she sang German, that was worst of all. All these pin-pricks were torture to Corona, her nature was so tender and so sensitive; and therefore, just because this was her weak point, the Providence that educates us all for eternal life took care that she should always have these trials. Yet it was hard on the pet and spoiled child of Windeck! Her father had exacted obedience, certainly, but he doted on her, and bore her through life, as it were, in his arms. And she had more to bear than the pin-pricks. Her heart's dearest wish was for Mass in the castle, and during their brief engagement Orest had promised to finish the chapel, and carry out all Uriel's plans; but there was never ready-money enough; and when Corona begged leave to use her own liberal settlement for this purpose, Orest objected that, even if she finished the building, the fitting-up would cost more than he could afford; as to a chaplain in the house, who formed part of the poor child's dreams, Orest at once declared he would never consent to such an arrangement. Corona shed some very bitter tears; then suddenly the thought struck her that she was utterly unworthy of so great a grace as this; and so she grew calm in her child-like humility, and advanced another step in the science of the Saints.

That winter Judith was to sing at the Italian Opera in Paris; and Orest informed his wife that he intended spending a fortnight there, during which time she had better go to Windeck. Corona was uneasy; there was very little pleasure for her in Orest's society, but she had an instinctive feeling that it would be bad for them both if he got the habit of leaving her, and living in a round of gaiety and excitement. Besides, she was not well, and wished to be quiet; so she said that she did not feel inclined to leave Stamberg. Orest insisted, however; and the fortnight grew into three months. At the end of that time he received a letter from Corona's father.

"I do not wonder," Count Damian wrote, "knowing your disposition, that you cannot give up all your bachelor habits easily; but I do wonder that you should contemplate leaving your wife alone at a time of trial which may cost her her life: it is neither considerate nor decent. I and her aunt take her home to-morrow, and we shall be anxiously expecting your return."

The letter took effect, and Orest came. On the Feast of our Lady Help of Christians little Felicitas was born. Corona's happiness was worth seeing; she was happy in her child—happy that God had given her in our Lady's month, and on one of her feasts; and, with a glad and grateful heart, she dedicated the child to her, and looked to her, as to a mother, for the care of her little one. Orest's first exclamation was, "Not a son, you see, papa!" Now the good Count regretted the sex of his little grandchild with all his heart; but, for all that, Orest's words struck him as so inconsiderate that he replied meaningly: "Comfort yourself; I can assure you daughters are a much greater comfort than sons."

Orest was kinder to Corona as long as her father remained at Stamberg; but no sooner were they alone together again than the old

miseries recommenced. Sometimes he was frightened at his own hard, bitter ways and words, especially when he saw how Corona felt them. She was never violent or impatient; but, like a child when it is sharply spoken to, she coloured all over, and her eyes filled with tears. Then he would be touched for a while, and say, "Krönchen, forgive me for plaguing you so! I am worried out of my life in this aimless, wearisome life." But when she gently hinted that his life need not be either, he broke out again into impatience, and said—what was true enough—that "she could not enter into his feelings."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## VIA DOLOROSA.

THE next winter Orest took his wife to Paris. She agreed cheerfully to all his plans, hoping that he would become less irritable when he had plenty of amusement; for herself, she hoped nothing; in Paris, as at Stamberg, God must be her Comforter, Felicitas her joy. At first, her husband went with her into society, but gradually he got careless, and accompanied her so seldom that she refused all the invitations she could, making her health, which was not very strong, an excuse. Orest was well contented that she should remain at home, and leave him free to spend his mornings in Judith's *salon*, and his evenings at the Italian Opera.

There was one person who was bitterly indignant at the good terms on which Orest was with Judith. This was Florentin. Lelio had once said, "Judith does not trouble her head about such persons as you and me;" and his vanity was deeply wounded when he found how true it was. Another annoyance was that Orest should find him in so subordinate a position, after meeting him when he was in such low-water in London. "One is for ever stumbling on these Windeck people!" he muttered. No sooner did he know that Corona was in Paris than he felt a thrill of cruel triumph: she should know all; she should learn what was Orest's attraction there. He went to call on her: she would be sure to believe the brother and companion of her childhood. But when he reached the door he changed his mind: she might not be alone; he would write to her. And so he did, anonymously too. She read the letter, and burned it. "What wickedness," she exclaimed indignantly, "to write such a story to me, true or untrue! But O, if it is true!" She was quite crushed by the thought of such a possibility. She knelt, trembling from head to foot, by her child's cradle, praying for guidance, strength, and grace, that she might do what was right in the difficult and painful life before her. Orest never even noticed how much she was suffering; it was a martyrdom of heart and soul, but her words and her smile were more full of gentleness than ever.

She was at Windeck during the summer, and the visit was as much a pain as a pleasure. There was the peace and comfort of a loving atmosphere, but that is just what makes the heart melt and long to pour out its sorrows to sympathising listeners; and this she



would not do. As long as she could hinder it, neither her father nor her uncle should guess her wretchedness, and so she always took Orest's part whenever Count Damian found fault with him.

"Corona," he said once, "you carry humility too far. I believe you would thank your husband if he were to trample on you."

"Thyme smells sweetest when it is crushed," said Levin. There was no need of words for *him* to understand Corona.

"Upon my word, dear uncle," cried the Count, "that is rather strong. How much would you have a woman put up with from her husband?"

"Every thing—except sin. Every thing else, borne with humility, may be the means of bringing him back to God."

"Pray, dear father," said Corona beseechingly, "do not infer too much from Orest's way of acting. You know he always was in the habit of taking things lightly."

"O yes, I know it well enough," was the bitter answer. "The only important object in the world is his dearly-beloved self."

"Ah, papa," she said, smiling and shaking her head, "you have spoilt poor Orest all his life, and it is not your place to find fault with him now."

Orest had gone to Ostend for sea-bathing, as he said. He remained there two days, and then crossed to the Isle of Wight, where Judith was staying.

"Welcome, Count Orest!" she said. "You are really a brilliant exception to men in general: I am quite proud of so constant a friend."

"I can live, think, hope in your company!" he cried.

"Now I wonder," said Judith carelessly, "whether all that is real or acting."

"How shall I convince you of its reality?" he cried eagerly.

"Really, Count Orest," she answered coldly and proudly, "that is your affair, not mine."

The wildest ideas chased each other through his brain when she said that. Should he separate from Corona—ask her to give him his freedom? Perhaps his marriage might be dissolved; or was it possible to forget Judith? And he answered his own question, "No: every thing *but* that was possible." And so the shadows fell more and more darkly over conscience and duty.

Judith was to make a professional tour in Belgium till the Opera opened in Paris, and Orest wished to accompany her.

She said: "I really think you have taken leave of your senses, Count Orest."

"Florentin and Lelio accompany you?"

"Florentin and Lelio are in my service. You are talking idly. *Au revoir* in Paris!"

When Orest reached Windeck, Hyacinth was there. A more striking contrast could not be than that between these brothers: the one so absorbed in earth, the other in Heaven.

Corona had enlisted her uncle and cousin in the cause of the chapel and priest she longed for at Stamberg; but it was all in vain.

They both felt intensely for Corona; and Hyacinth once asked Levin whether it were not his duty to settle at Stamberg, as his uncle had done at Windeck. But Levin said: "The cases are different: Windeck was the home of my parents, and I went there to my dying mother. I was in my proper place, as the son of the house; but you have no such rights at Stamberg; you cannot force yourself into your brother's house. It is a hard life for that poor child; but God is with her."

Directly after Christmas Orest began to speak of going to Paris, and Corona made no objection; but she was in delicate health, and her doctor utterly forbade her travelling.

"What a nuisance!" said Orest. "I shall have to go by myself."

"You will shorten your stay in Paris, of course?" said the doctor, a plain-spoken man, not given to mince matters.

"What for?" asked Orest.

"Because the countess is very unwell, and a solitary winter is dreary for an invalid."

"O, my wife gets on capitally by herself."

Corona had a hard struggle with her shrinking timidity. At last she took Felicitas with her, and went to her husband, who was packing his writing-case and in high good-humour.

"Ah, Lili!" and he took the child in his arms; "what must I bring you from Paris?—a doll as big as yourself, and a whole lot of bonbons?"

"Dear Orest!" Corona began in a trembling voice, "Lili and I are come to ask for something else."

"And what is it?"

"That you will stay with us, and give up going to Paris this winter."

"O, nonsense!" he answered; and then went on to the child,

"You would like the bonbons, Lili?"

She clapped her hands delighted, and her father cried, "There! Lili is on my side."

Corona smiled a smile sadder than tears, as she said, "Dear Orest, if you knew what I am feeling, you would not go on joking with Lili."

"Now do not let the doctors make you fanciful, Corona."

"You mistake me, Orest. I did not allude to my bodily ailments, which will be at an end before long, but—to your soul."

"I wish you would leave the care of it to me."

"But, dear Orest, you give no care to it. You are yielding recklessly to some unhappy influence which is estranging you day by day from your home, your family, your natural interests and duties. What this influence is, I neither know nor wish to know; but I am sure that it exists, and that it makes you miserable."

"I have nothing to reproach myself with," said Orest gloomily: "it is no crime to find more amusement in one place than another. I am not cut out, I know, for the life of a hermit, or a husband, or the father of a family: it is monotonous and wearisome to me."

"You should have thought of that earlier, Orest; still I am sure you would be happier, even now, if you only made an effort not to yield to this evil influence. You would see things in a better light, and what now seems intolerable would become easier every day. Only a little resolution, dear Orest, and God will do the rest. That is why I do entreat you not to go to Paris, but to stay here. O, Orest, stay with us!"

Large tears rolled down her sweet pale face: and when Felicitas saw them, she hung round her father's neck, and said, "Papa, stay."

"I do not know"—and Orest put the child down—"why you are making this scene. I have already said I am doing nothing wrong; there is nothing more intolerable than jealous fancies."

"God sees my heart," Corona answered gently; "He knows that there is no unworthy jealousy there, and that I only desire to see you at peace with yourself and with God. You fly from your duties because you feel them a burden, and I know duty is often difficult; but we can bear the burden with God's help. Try, dear Orest; only try."

She sank at his feet with fast-falling tears; but there was no vehemence, no excitement in her way of doing it. She was weeping for him, as his angel guardian might weep, not for herself. But Felicitas broke out into loud crying, and Orest exclaimed passionately,

"I cannot and will not stand such scenes! And with all due gratitude for your kindness in playing the part of *gouvernante* to me, I would advise you to turn your attention to Lili, and cure her of whimpering. I shall start for Paris the day after to-morrow."

So Corona was alone. For weeks she kept her room, hardly able to occupy herself even with a little needlework. She was too ill to drive to Mass on Sundays; yet she never once murmured at the deprivation nor lost her patience. Sometimes she looked from her windows at the bleak winter landscape, so cold and white and corpse-like. "Like the winter of my life," sighed the young heart with its twenty years. "But the spring will come," she went on; "the everlasting Spring!" And with heavenly energy she lifted her heart up far above its twenty years and its earthly longings. Then her glance rested on Felicitas, and she said, "O, my God, how ungrateful I am! Have I not my snowdrop in this winter? have I not paradise in the soul of my child?"

Count Damian came to see her, and wrote at once to beg the Baroness to come to Stamberg. Imagine Corona's delight when uncle Levin came too. He had not left Windeck for years; but he thought, "Perhaps she is ripe for heaven; perhaps God is calling the sweet spirit, so early purified, out of this dark world; and she must not be without the help of the Church and the grace of the Sacraments." So he obtained leave from the Bishop to turn an unused apartment at Stamberg into a chapel, and to say Mass there.

"This day is salvation come to this house," said Corona, radiant with joy, when her uncle brought her the tidings. With her father she was bright and cheerful, and always ready to chat with him. She would not hear a word against Orest. The Count relieved himself by abusing him to Levin.

"I should like to break the fellow's neck."

"His heart rather," said Levin.

"He hasn't got one, if he cannot feel for his angel of a wife. I suppose it isn't the proper thing to go into raptures about one's own child; but I cannot help it. I can hardly bear to look at her dear sweet little face."

Corona spoke differently to her uncle and to her father. To the former she said,

"Dear uncle, is not God good to me? I was a little vain, foolish child, disposed to be selfish and conceited, and spoiled and petted as no one ever was; and if this had gone on—if I had always had that soft, warm, easy life, who knows how bad and worldly I might have turned out?"

"Thank God, dearest child, that you see His hand in it all. Earthly happiness often makes us slack and cold in spiritual things. The heart is like a thurible full of incense, but from which no sweet perfume rises, for it does not burn; but when the hot coals fall on it, then the rich-scented cloud rises to the tabernacle in which our God is dwelling with us. Sorrow, my child, is that kindling fire."

She became very ill. Two physicians were in the castle, and a telegram was sent to Paris; but Orest was in Lyons, where Judith was giving a concert. At length there was joy at Stamberg: Corona was out of danger; and the little heir lived too, though it was but a frail flickering life.

"What must the name be?" asked Levin, before baptising him.

"Emmanuel," she said, with a radiant smile. "Was not God with us?"

Every thing about her was supernatural,—her ideas, her love, her joy, and her sorrow. A second telegram was sent, and missed Orest, who was still absent. The next day he returned to Paris; it was Holy Week; and Judith was to sing Pergolesi's 'Stabat Mater' on Maundy-Thursday, in the Chapel of the Filles de Sion. Almost at the moment of his arrival came a third telegram, so that he received the three at once. He was startled, and opened the last first. It announced the death of his son. Orest was overwhelmed. He had had a son and lost him, and never seen him. Next day he was at Stamberg. There, wrapped in soft white coverings, and strewed with spring-blossoms, lay the little corpse; and Felicitas sat playing with flowers beside the coffin, as calmly as if it were the cradle of her little brother. Orest sank down fainting by the children; and thus somewhat disarmed Count Damian. But the old family-doctor growled out to Levin, "Just like him; he would not hear of shortening his journey by a day, say what one would; and now he will rave about the child's death, and very likely make us out to blame for it."

Corona had meekly given back her child to Him who sent it. Such a spirit suffers without bitterness; but it suffers still. She comforted Orest very sweetly, and asked him to have the little one buried at Engelberg. This was done; and soon the Count, the Baroness, and Levin left Stamberg. Corona recovered slowly; and

she was recommended to pass the next winter at Rome or Pisa. Orest decided on Rome; and Count Damian said he would go with them; he had long wanted to see Rome. He felt as if he could not bear to be parted from Corona. Hyacinth, too, was in Rome, for a year's study of theology.

Orest's attraction may be easily guessed. Judith was to be in Rome for the winter; and as Orest's grief for his child died away, his conscience fell asleep. He hastened to join her party at the Villa Diodati; and instead of returning to Stamberg for his wife, sent the letter which we saw her reading.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## COMING HOME.

"MAMMA!" cried Felicitas, and she pointed with her little finger to the door opening into the *salon*.

Corona looked up from her letter: there stood Uriel. She held out both her hands, but she was trembling too much to rise. She thought of their parting at Windeck; of all which lay between then and now; and she burst into tears.

"Crying, Corona! when I am so glad," said Uriel, taking her hands and kissing them.

"O, so am I," she answered; "only I was startled. Look, Uriel; this is Felicitas."

Uriel lifted her on the table, saying tenderly, "So you are Felicitas, you dear child? And where is Orest?" he asked, evidently expecting to hear that he was out, or hunting, or some such answer.

Her manner was a little nervous, as she answered: "He is away from home,—at Genoa, for sea-bathing."

"Orest! and sea-bathing!—if it had been you, now!"

"O no, I am quite well, and in want of nothing of the sort. But tell me all about yourself, you circumnavigator. What have you been seeing, doing, hearing, thinking?"

"I have seen how beautiful God made the world, and how ugly men have made it and themselves; I have heard more words than truth; I have thought that the human heart is larger than this earth of ours; I have done—nothing."

"You are a laconic *raconteur*," said Corona, smiling.

"I have given you the quintessence of my experiences: now it is your turn to give me a sketch of yours."

She laid her hand on her child's bright hair, and said, with indescribable sweetness, "Felicitas."

"But you are more laconic than I was," Uriel answered, touched by her manner.

"I have not been round the world," she said, laughing.

Then he asked after every one—every one except Regina; but Corona spoke of her: she told him that her name in religion was Teresa, and that they all went once a year to see her at Himmelsporten. "Behind the grille, of course, and she does not lift her veil: 'Till we meet in heaven,' she said on the day of her clothing,

when papa asked to see her once more before the ceremony. She looked like a queen in the white-silk dress which she was so soon to change for the brown habit of the Carmelites. The grille in the parlour was opened wide, and we were all there. Papa said a great deal to her, and uncle Levin a few words: she said very little; and so gently, so firmly—you know her way. Then she knelt down for papa's blessing and uncle Levin's; and, when she rose, she gave us, one and all, a look we shall never forget, and said: 'Till we meet in heaven;' then she was gone. Now when we make our visit to her she is, O so full of love!—as if she could pour out all her life to draw souls to God. This last summer, I said: 'Are you come from Calvary, that you are so full of love?' And she answered in her old way, lest any one should think there was any thing remarkable in her: 'No, only from my cell.' Then we go to the chapel, to hear her sing the Antiphon after Vespers. The Carmelites sing beautifully, in a sort of suppressed voice; that is their rule. St. Teresa said that a loud ringing voice is not suitable for religious, with whom every thing should bear the stamp of being dead to the world. I cannot tell you how Regina's voice sounds; people come from a distance to hear it: it seems to float over the rest, like a rich scent over flowers. Ah, Uriel, our Regina has chosen the best part."

"Yes, for herself."

"And for us too: she is our bedswoman. Most of the members of a household look to its earthly needs and concerns; and they would become absorbed in this world, if there were not others in the family who take thought for its spiritual welfare. We are rich in this way, with uncle Levin, Hyacinth, and Regina."

"And what have their prayers obtained for you?" and he looked affectionately at her sad sweet face.

"That which is best for me, dear Uriel," she answered gently.

"And now tell me about Orest."

She gave him the letter to read. He was confounded by its contents, and by all he inferred from them; he began to understand Corona's sorrowful eyes now. They talked together all the evening, with the familiar confidence of brother and sister; but nothing more was said bearing on her married life. Uriel pitied her intensely, all the more for her sweet cheerfulness. Her childhood and early youth seemed to come back to her with Uriel's visit; it was such a pleasure to talk to one who had all her love for the old days, and to see how he remembered some childish scrape, or family jest, or pleasant excursion. Poor Corona! it was long since she had felt so happy.

They went to Windeck together, and Count Damian tried to induce him to go with them to Rome.

"I shall follow you there after a while," Uriel said; "but I must enjoy uncle Levin a little first."

So Corona started with her father and her child early in November.

"And you stay behind with us old folks," said aunt Isabella: "what are you going to do?"

Count Damian and Levin had asked the same question. It was



not easy for Uriel to answer it. In a quiet talk with his uncle he said: "You see I have been travelling to try to find what I missed here; but it has all been in vain. Then I come back to Europe, with a faint hope, perhaps, of being more favourably impressed; but I find the reverse is the case. Every thing seems false and hollow—every thing: the relations of one government to another, of rulers and people, are all without mutual confidence, without truth, without stability. The age is perishing of falsehood."

Levin listened to these words, and to others in which he went more into detail, in silence. He was thinking of that Divine Deliverer, who shed His Blood to save that perishing world. At last he said: "Poor storm-bird! so you have been trying to build your nest on the waves of time, and are tired out with the vain attempt. Well, you must leave those treacherous waves, and try to soar upwards. You are one of the seeking souls which have been from the first ages of the Church: they came from heathenism, from Judaism, from heresy, from lukewarm Christianity, from the barbarian as well as from the Roman world; and there were many storm-birds among them, who had vainly sought to find the fabled halcyon-days on the tossing waves of the world; but they found the one eternal revealed Truth instead: 'God is Love;' and they said with Philip, 'It is enough for us.' We must hope and pray that we too may be able to say so."

"O my dear uncle, do not speak so of yourself."

"Yes, of myself rather than of any one; for I know myself best."

"I know," said Uriel, "that there are great souls now, as in those early times; but they are in a sphere which is beyond me."

"Greatness of soul is confined to no one sphere of life: its essence is self-sacrifice, and that, with the help of God's grace, can be practised every where."

"But the great souls of whom I was thinking," Uriel said, "are under the habit of the monk and the cassock of the priest. One must see missionary priests among the heathen to get a reverence for human nature. As those first Twelve went forth, so do they. And to what a life of poverty, and suffering, and danger, and loneliness! It is a life which they endure only in His strength who dwells in them. And what is the death which crowns this life? Martyrdom, with its lingering torments; or perhaps the scalping-knife of an Indian, or the jaws of a wild-beast, or the weary sickness of imprisonment may do the work. And why, I once asked a missionary, is such a life, such a death, freely chosen? 'To follow our crucified Master in all humility,' was his simple answer. *That* is greatness of soul; but the world passes it by with indifference, or contempt, or blasphemy, as the Jews went by the hill of Calvary. The world knows of nothing greater than itself. That is just why I always envy such men as the missionary priests. They *do* serve a greater Master."

"Well, my son, I hope you will so serve Him."

"No, dear uncle Levin; I have neither the power nor the inclination for such supernatural heroism."

"To acknowledge it is the first step towards acquiring it."

"But the strong living faith is wanting," answered Uriel.

"Just so; you carry your faith about in ingots, so that it is something of a burden at times. You should get it coined, stamped, made current for daily use, for all the circumstances, all the needs, and against all the temptations of life. As you have it, it is a dead treasure."

"It is," was the gloomy answer. "My reason is convinced, but my heart is untouched; there is a partition-wall between me and God."

"It cannot but be so," said Levin; "for you have sought in human strength, and with human means, for what is greater than your heart; and so seeking, you could not find it. What is to be done, my Uriel, with this burden of a heart which clings to earth?"

"And does it cling to earth?" asked Uriel thoughtfully. "I have thrown the ballast of wealth out of my bark; I have never given myself up to the pleasures of the world, or to ambition; I have had no low aims, no petty designs; I have felt—O how keenly!—the nothingness of the world. Can it be, dear uncle, that I am clinging to it?"

Levin answered: "St. Augustine says there are many ways of joining the fallen angels; and so there are many ways of clinging to the earth. One may grovel in its dust, or be entangled in its thorns. One thing is clear: you have not found God. The Incarnate, crucified God is not the centre of your being. That things are not still worse with you, you may thank your love for Regina—next to God's grace; for a pure love is a divine thing, and it is able to excite noble impulses; but a higher and diviner love is needed for our perseverance. And so, my poor Uriel, you have not found the Eternal Truth, for you have never yet sought for it."

"And how—where shall I do so?"

"Where? In the Crib of Jerusalem, and by the Cross of Calvary. How? By prayer. Pray, Uriel; for you must not, cannot remain as you are: you are meant for higher things."

"Do not imagine," said Uriel eagerly, "that I shall ever become a missionary, because of what I said just now. I would not, on any account; and if such an idea ever entered my mind, I would pray *against* it."

"Be quite easy," answered Levin, smiling; "I have no such lofty hopes. I am only thankful that you have not turned gold-digger in California."

There was a strange charm about this old man of seventy-five years. He was so strong in his gentle cheerfulness, so indulgent in his deep piety; his mind was so clear, his heart so warm, his soul so bright, that Uriel often felt in his society as if the light of Tabor rested on his life—that life which had been in the shadow of the Cross for more than half a century. There was more peace for Uriel with uncle Levin than any where on earth; and he more than half regretted his promise to join Count Damian in Rome.



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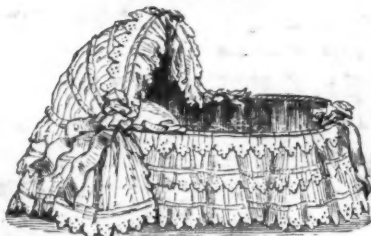
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BABIES' HOODS  
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## BABIES' BERCEAU-NETTES, 2½ GUINEAS

Babies' Baskets to match, 1 Guinea;  
Christening-Caps, 1 Guinea;  
Shirts, 2s.; Caps, 2s. 6d.; Gowns, 6s.  
Lace Collars and Sleeves.  
Cambric Handkerchiefs.

## MARRIAGE OUTFITS COMPLETE.

White Dressing-Gowns, 1 Guinea;  
Cotton Hosiery, 2s. 6d.;  
Patent Corsets, 16s. 6d.;  
Real Balbriggan Hosiery.

THIS PART OF THE BUSINESS UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MRS. TAYLOR.

## RIDING HABITS

OF  
RIBBED CLOTH,  
5½ Guineas.

NAPOLEON BLUE,  
7½ Guineas.



## RIDING HATS AND VEILS,

1½ Guineas.

## LADIES' RIDING TROUSERS,

Chamois Leather, with Black Feet.

Linsey Habits for little girls, 2½ Guineas.

Every thing of the Superior Excellence for which the House has been  
Celebrated for Thirty Years.

# W. G. TAYLOR, 53 BAKER ST

LONDON, W.



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